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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Alexander I., Emperor of Russia; or a Sketch of his Life, and the most important Events of his Reign. By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. 8vo. pp. 315. London, 1826. Treuttel, Würtz, and Co.

THIS volume is an *apropos* tribute to the memory of a very powerful prince, and a very amiable man. Without being spun out by private details, or dwelling at too great length on public circumstances which the present race of readers could not have forgotten, it is sufficiently minute to afford a tolerable acquaintance with the Individual, and recall the leading events of the career of the Sovereign. On the former point perhaps some more research might have been well bestowed; but future biographers will fill up the sketch, and the present (considering the activity with which it has been produced) will be found extremely gratifying to popular curiosity. Before proceeding, however, to illustrate it, which we shall do rather by referring to the personal anecdotes than to matters of historical notoriety, we must notice and reprehend a passage, the sentiment expressed in which is most discreditable to the writer. Speaking of the education of Alexander by La Harpe, he says—

“La Harpe was, in some respects, the same to Alexander, that Le Fort, likewise a Genevois, had been to Peter the Great, a hundred years before. He brought him up, without political or religious prejudices, in the wiser principles of an enlightened age.”

Under the jargon of this paragraph we are given to understand that the prince, on whom the happiness or misery of millions was to depend, was *wisely* educated in the principles of modern philanthropy and philosophy, and without a sense of religious duties. We do not believe the fact to be so; for Alexander always displayed high veneration for the church in whose opinions he was brought up; but, at any rate, we enter our protest against the infidel inference which is drawn from the statement, and which ought not to have had a place in this volume.—Now to more agreeable things: Alexander

“From his earliest years was remarkable for his respect and attachment to the persons intrusted with his education, and for his exemplary conduct towards his mother, the Empress Maria, which truly deserved the name of filial piety, in him a feeling next akin to religion, a holy flame which burnt with unvarying splendour from his childhood to his grave. So entirely innate in him was this feeling, that he beheld with abhorrence, and, when the occasion served, marked by his serious displeasure any violation of the divine precept, ‘Honour thy mother;’ and it was but a few months before his death, that a young prince, who had treated his mother with disrespect, received orders to reside only in Moscow, under the special superintendence of Prince Golyzin, the military governor-general, and of the guardians appointed for him, who

were at the same time commanded to take the administration of his property into their hands. He not only treated his tutors with respect while under their care, but continued through life to give them proofs of his gratitude and affection. For Count Soltikoff he shewed unabated veneration during his life, and in 1818 followed his corpse, on foot and bareheaded, to the grave. Of his regard for Colonel La Harpe many instances are recorded, of which the following may find a place here.

“His attachment to La Harpe was rather filial than that of a pupil; his greatest delight was in his society, and he would cling round his neck in the most affectionate embraces, by which frequently his clothes were covered with powder. ‘See, my dear prince,’ La Harpe would say, ‘what a figure you have made yourself!’ ‘Oh, never mind it,’ Alexander replied; ‘no one will blame me for carrying away all I can from my dear preceptor.’ One day he went to visit La Harpe, as was his custom, alone; the porter was a new servant, and did not know him: he asked his name, and was answered, Alexander. The porter then led him into the servants’ hall, told him his master was at his studies, and could not be disturbed for an hour. The servants’ homely meal was prepared, and the prince was invited to partake of it, which he did without affectation. When the hour was expired, the porter informed La Harpe that a young man of the name of Alexander had been waiting some time, and wanted to see him. ‘Shew him in.’ But what was La Harpe’s surprise to see his pupil! He wished to apologise; but Alexander, placing his finger on his lips, said, ‘My dear tutor, do not mention it; an hour to you is worth a day to me; and, besides, I have had a hearty breakfast with your servants, which I should have lost had I been admitted when I came.’ The poor porter’s feelings may be better imagined than described; but Alexander, laughing, said, ‘I like you the better for it; you are an honest servant, and there are an hundred rubles to convince you that I think so.’

“When he was at Paris in 1814, he paid a visit to the wife of M. La Harpe. As she remained standing, he said to her, ‘You are much altered, madam.’ ‘Sire,’ she replied, ‘I, like others, have suffered from circumstances.’ ‘You mistake me; I mean that you do not sit down, as you used to do, by your husband’s pupil, and chat familiarly with him.’

“Madame La Harpe speaking to him of the enthusiasm with which his virtues and affability inspired the Parisians, he answered, ‘If I possess any qualities that please, to whom do I owe them?—If there had been no La Harpe, there would have been no Alexander.’

“The affability of Alexander has been much and justly celebrated; for it was not that formal condescension which only seems to bend, but pure, unaffected good nature, the genuine offspring of an amiable disposition. No one ever understood better than he did how to confer a favour in a graceful manner;

and to double the value of a gift, by the manner in which it was bestowed.

“When he announced to the brave Kutusoff his elevation to the rank of Prince of Smolensk, for his services during the campaign of 1812, against the French, he sent with his letter a most valuable jewel, taken from the imperial crown, as a tribute to the valour of a man by whom it had been so ably defended. He directed the vacancy thus occasioned to be filled up with a small gold plate, on which was inscribed the name of Kutusoff.

“Dining one day at St. Denis, with a Polish general, Prince P. Count Langeron was one of the company. About the middle of the entertainment, the emperor said to the latter, ‘I have paid a second visit to Mont-marte, where I found a parcel addressed to you.’ ‘Sire,’ replied the count, ‘I have lost nothing.’ ‘Oh!’ said the emperor, taking a parcel from his pocket, ‘I am not mistaken—see here.’ Count Langeron opened it, and found the insignia of one of the Russian orders.”

The following are pleasing instances of his equanimity, condescension, and good nature:

“A young woman, of German extraction, once waited for the emperor on the stairs by which he was accustomed to go down to the parade. When the monarch appeared, she met him on the steps with these words: ‘Please your majesty, I have something to say to you.’ ‘What is it?’ asked the emperor, and stood still, with all his attendants. ‘I have an opportunity of being married, but I have no fortune; if you would graciously please to give me a dowry?’ ‘Ah! my girl,’ replied the monarch, ‘were I to give dowries to all the young women in Petersburg, where do you think I should find money?’ The girl, however, received, by his order, a present of fifty rubles.

“The hackney-coachmen in St. Petersburg do not much like to drive officers, and seldom let them get out without their having paid them beforehand, or leaving something in pledge. They do not object to letting other persons get out whenever they choose, and will even wait hours for them. Alexander, who was generally dressed in a very plain uniform and a grey mantle, was walking one day on the English quay, when suddenly it began to rain very fast, and he would not step into a house. He accordingly seated himself in the first *droschke* he found, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Winter Palace. As he passed by the senate house, the guard was called under arms, and the drums beat. The coachman looked, and said he supposed the emperor was riding by the guard-house. ‘You will see him very soon,’ replied Alexander.

“They at last arrived at the Winter Palace, and Alexander, who had no money about him, ordered him to stop till he sent his fare down. ‘No,’ replied he, ‘you must leave me something in pledge; the officers have so many times deceived me. So you must leave me your mantle.’ Alexander acquiesced, and left it with him. He directly sent down one of his

footmen with five-and-twenty rubles, to give them to the coachman, to say that he had driven the emperor, and to bring him the mantle. The footman did so; when instead of the coachman's being glad at the honour and the present, he laughed, and said, 'Do you think that I am so stupid? the mantle is worth more than twenty-five rubles: who knows what you mean? perhaps you want to steal it. No, that won't do, and unless the gentleman whom I have driven comes himself, I shall not part with it.' Alexander had almost been obliged to go down himself, had not his chief coachman happened to come by, who confirmed what the footman had said. The poor coachman was now almost out of his wits for joy.

"The High Chamberlain N** received of the Emperor Alexander a most beautiful star of the order of St. Andrew, set round with diamonds, which was valued at 30,000 rubles. Being in pecuniary distress, he pawned it: soon after this there was a grand entertainment at court, where N** could not appear without this star. What embarrassment! money was wanted, and the pawnbroker, an inexorable man, would not part with the star for a quarter of an hour, unless it were properly redeemed. Now there was nobody that could help him out of this dilemma but the emperor's groom of the bed-chamber, who had in his possession two beautiful diamond stars, belonging to the emperor, one of which was but lately finished, and had cost 60,000 rubles. The high chamberlain accordingly had recourse to him, and after many protestations, the gentleman was persuaded by incessant entreaty, and promises of returning it safe to him again after the entertainment, to intrust it to him. N** accordingly made his appearance at court with this star. Alexander soon perceived in the four large diamonds at the corners of the star, a great likeness with his own new star. He fixed his eyes several times on N**, and at last said, 'I am very much astonished to find you have a star which has a great likeness with one I have just received from the jeweller.' N**, quite embarrassed, replied only by unmeaning compliments and bows. The emperor, more and more struck with the great resemblance, at last said to him, 'I do not know what to say, but I must tell you plainly, that I almost believe that it is my star, the likeness is so very remarkable.' N** at last humbly confessed how it happened, and offered to undergo any punishment, but only begged that he would have mercy upon the poor gentleman of the bed-chamber, who had suffered himself to be persuaded. 'Never mind,' replied the generous Alexander, 'the crime is not so great that I cannot forgive it. But I cannot myself wear it any more. I must therefore make you a present of it, on condition that I shall in future be safe from such appropriations.'"

These little stories we have copied from the Introduction, and they certainly manifest a very amiable disposition. Elsewhere, we find the following scattered anecdotes. After the meeting at Erfurth (1808),

"Though Alexander and Napoleon were on such friendly terms, various little occurrences at Erfurth shewed that their secret dispositions were not quite conformable to outward appearances. The following is one of the most *piquant* of them.

"When Napoleon was at Erfurth, he affected, one evening at a ball, to converse with the literati, particularly with Goethe; and, to make a contrast with the Emperor Alexander, who was dancing, he said to Goethe, loud

enough for Alexander to hear, 'How well the Emperor Alexander dances!' Alexander took his revenge by turning to Napoleon, who had a habit of beating time with his foot, and saying, 'How ill your majesty beats time!' Napoleon retired with Goethe into a corner of the room.

"The following circumstance shews that there was a secret grudge in the breast of Napoleon towards Alexander, before the public suspected any misunderstanding. Towards the end of the year 1811, the Emperor Napoleon made a journey to Holland, and Maria Louisa accompanied him thither. It was during his visit to Amsterdam that he first betrayed a mark of animosity to the Emperor Alexander, a sentiment which the public by no means supposed him to entertain, for nothing had yet transpired that could disturb the good understanding between the two sovereigns. In a cabinet of the apartments of the empress there stood on a piano a small bust of the Emperor Alexander, which was a remarkable likeness. Wherever Napoleon resided, it was his custom to examine all the rooms allotted to himself and the empress. On this occasion, perceiving the bust in question, he took it up, placed it under his arm, and continued to converse with the ladies present. Meantime, he forgot the bust, and raising his arm, let it fall. One of the ladies caught it before it reached the ground, and asked Napoleon what she should do with it: 'What you please,' said he; 'but never let me see it again.'"

When the allies entered the French capital in 1814, the Emperor Alexander rendered himself very popular with the fickle and capricious Parisians. Mr. Lloyd relates, that

"As he passed the famous column in the Place Vendôme on which a statue of Buonaparte stood, he said, smiling, 'It is no wonder a man's head should become giddy, when he stands at such a height.'"

"Somebody saying to him, 'Your arrival has long been expected and wished for at Paris,' he replied, 'I would have come sooner: attribute my delay only to French valour.'"

And French vanity gulped the compliment.

"When he visited the Tuileries, the Hall of Peace was shewn him. 'Of what use,' said he, 'was this hall to Buonaparte?'"

Of general topics we are most interested with a brief view of Russian literature and science; and an account of the death of Paul, which seems to be more particular than is usually known. These we extract.

"The literature of Russia made a very rapid advance in the beginning of this century. In the first few years 1304 works were published, of which seven hundred and sixty-one were original; of the translations two hundred and sixty-two were from the French; one hundred and ninety-four from the German; and twenty-four from the English. The anonymous works were seven hundred and forty-two: among the authors named, were ten prelates, six counts, nineteen prelates, &c.; one eighth of the authors were clergy, and by far the greater part of the writers belonged to the hereditary nobility. Of the literati by profession, the catalogue mentioned ninety-four, and gave also the names of five female authors."

What share Alexander had in the assassination of his father, by being privy to the attempt to dethrone and imprison him, can never perhaps be accurately ascertained. Let us hope that no monitory consciousness warned him of what might be the consequence of the conspiracy; and that ambition did not blind him to sanction a step so likely to lead to a parent's murder.

After mentioning several previous matters, the narrative before us thus states the final catastrophe:

"The emperor's suspicions increased every day. One evening he repeated several times, apparently in a very bad humour, to Madame de Gagarin, in whose house he was: 'I see it is time to strike my great blow.' He spoke in the same manner to his master of the horse, Kutwjsow, adding, 'After that, we shall live like two brothers.' This great blow was, to imprison the empress at Kolmogon, a frightful abode, eighty wersts from Archangel, where the unfortunate family of Ulrick of Brunswick had been confined for many years. Schlüsselburg was to be the prison of the Grand Duke Alexander; the fortress of St. Petersburg was destined for Prince Constantine; Pahlen and several others were to have perished on the scaffold.

"Madame de Gagarin, struck with the sinister tone of the emperor, had the simplicity to say—'I can't imagine what he means by the great blow he intends to strike.' These various expressions were reported to Count Pahlen, who informed the grand duke of them.

"The prince, pressed by the danger, agreed to every thing, with the only condition, that the life of his father should be saved. In spite of the difficulty of giving positive assurances on this subject, Pahlen, however, promised, at all events, the life of Paul should not be threatened. The project was to be carried into execution on the 22d of March; but the grand duke insisted that it should be deferred till the next day, because on that day the guard of the palace was to be confided to the battalion of Semonowski, which the Grand Duke Constantine commanded in person, and which was devoted to him. Pahlen yielded to the desire of the prince.

"The palace of Michailow, built by Paul, on the site of the old summer palace, is a massy edifice, in a bad style, and surrounded with bastions. It was in vain that the emperor daily added to the fortifications, to secure himself against the revenge of those whom he had offended. Pahlen, as well as the other leaders of the conspiracy, was acquainted with every part of it. Some hours before the execution of the plot, Count Pahlen augmented the number of the conspirators, by adding to them some young men of family, who, on that day, had been degraded, and beaten in a most cruel manner, for faults which scarcely merited a reprimand. Pahlen himself released them from prison, and took them to supper at General Talizin's, colonel of the Presbaschewskoi regiment of guards, who, as well as General Depredawitsch, colonel of the Semonowski regiment, had drawn into the conspiracy almost all the officers: they did not yet venture to confide in the soldiers, but they reckoned upon their obedience.

"Plato Subow, the last favourite of Catherine II., and General Benningsen, were present at this entertainment. They placed themselves at the head of one part of the conspirators, and Pahlen commanded the other; the two troops together amounted to about sixty persons, most of whom were inflamed with wine. Subow and Benningsen were preceded by the aid-de-camp Arkamakow, who daily made reports to the emperor. This officer conducted them by a staircase, which led directly to an ante-chamber, where two hussars of the imperial guard and two valets slept. In passing through the gallery to which this door opened, they were stopped by a sentinel, who cried, 'Who goes there?' Benningsen replied, 'Silence! you see

where we are going.' The soldier understanding what was going forward, knit his brows, crying, 'Patrol, pass!' in order that if the emperor had heard the noise, he might believe that it was made by the patrol. After this, Arkamakow advanced rapidly, and knocked softly at the valet-de-chambre's door; the latter, without opening, demanded his business.—'I come to make my report.'—'Are you mad? it is midnight.'—'What do you say? It is six o'clock in the morning: open the door quick, or you will make the emperor very angry with me.' The valet at last opened the door, but seeing seven or eight persons enter the chamber, sword in hand, he ran to hide himself in a corner. One of the hussars, who had more courage, attempted to resist, but was immediately cut down with a sabre; the other disappeared.

In this manner Benningsen and Subow penetrated to the emperor's chamber. Subow, not seeing the prince in his bed, cried, 'Good God! he has escaped.' Benningsen, more composed, having made a careful search, discovered the emperor behind a screen. Having approached the prince, he saluted him with his sword, and announced to him that he was a prisoner, by order of the Emperor Alexander; that his life would be respected; but that it was requisite for his safety that he should make no resistance. Paul made no answer. By the glimmering of a night lamp, the confusion and terror which were painted at the same time in his countenance were easily perceived. Benningsen, without loss of time, examined the whole room: one door led to the apartments of the empress; a second, which was that of the wardrobe, afforded no farther issue: two others belonged to recesses which contained the colours of the regiments of the garrison, as also a great number of swords belonging to officers who were put under arrest. While Benningsen was shutting these doors, and putting the keys into his pocket, Subow repeated in Russian to the emperor, 'Sire, you are a prisoner, by order of the Emperor Alexander.'—'How! a prisoner!' replied the emperor. A moment afterwards he added, 'What have I done to you?'—'For these four years past you have tortured us,' replied one of the conspirators.

'The prince was in his night-cap; he had only thrown over him a flannel jacket: he was standing without shoes or stockings before the conspirators, who had their hats on, and their swords in their hands.'

'If Paul had retained his presence of mind, he might have escaped, either by means of a trap-door which opened under his bed, or by the apartments of the empress; but fear had entirely disconcerted him, and at the first noise he had thrown himself under the bed, without taking any resolution; perhaps he did not venture to take refuge in the apartments of the empress, thinking that a conspiracy against him could not have been contrived without the consent and encouragement of a princess whom he knew to be beloved by the people as much as he was disliked.'

'At the moment when they were securing the emperor, some noise being heard, Subow hastened to the Grand Duke Alexander. The apartments of this prince were under those of his father. He had with him only his brother Constantine and the two grand duchesses, their wives. Constantine had not been initiated in the secret till the same evening; though he did not love the emperor, it was feared that he might be guilty of some indiscretion. These four persons waited with the greatest anxiety for the issue of the affair: the arrival of Subow

did not a little contribute to augment their uneasiness. Meantime Benningsen, who had remained in the emperor's chamber, with a small number of the conspirators, was greatly embarrassed; he would have been more so, if Paul had taken his sword to defend himself; but this unfortunate prince did not utter a single word, and remained motionless.

'The emperor was found in this state of stupor by some of the conspirators, who, in their intoxication, had missed their way, and tumultuously entered the chamber.'

'Prince Tatchwill, major-general of artillery, who had been for some time out of service, first entered at the head of his companions; he furiously attacked the emperor, and throwing him on the ground, overturned at the same time the screen and the lamp: the rest of the scene passed in darkness. Benningsen thinking that Paul wished to fly, or defend himself, cried, 'For God's sake, sire, do not attempt to escape; your life is at stake; you will be killed if you make the least resistance.' During this time Prince Tatchwill, Gardanow, adjutant of the horse-guards, Sartarinow, colonel of artillery, who had been long discharged from active service; Prince Wereinskoi and Seriatin, officer of the guards, also out of active service, were contending with the emperor: he at first succeeded in rising from the ground; but he was thrown down again, and wounded his side and his cheek, by falling against a marble table. General Benningsen was the only one who avoided taking an active part; he repeatedly urged Paul not to defend himself. He had scarcely had time to leave the chamber a moment to fetch a light, when on his return he perceived Paul lying on the ground, strangled with an officer's sash. Paul had made but a slight resistance; he had only put his hand between his neck and the sash, and exclaimed in French, 'Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, spare me! leave me time to pray to God.' These were his last words.

'Benningsen seeing that Paul shewed no signs of life, caused the corpse to be laid upon a bed, and his head covered. Malkow, captain of the guard, having entered with thirty men, received orders to secure all the avenues leading to the chamber of the late emperor, and not to permit any person to enter. After these measures had been taken, Benningsen hastened to inform the grand duke at what price he ascended the throne. That prince indulged in all the expressions of the most profound affliction. When Pahlen, who had been commissioned to guard the grand staircase, and to cut off the retreat of Paul in case of need, learnt that the prince had already perished, he repaired to the new emperor. He arrived at the moment when the latter was exclaiming, quite beside himself, 'People will say that I am the assassin of my father; they promised me not to touch his life. I am the most unfortunate man in the world.' Pahlen, more intent to secure the throne to the living emperor, than to shed tears for him who was dead, said to Alexander, 'Sire, before all things, please to recollect that an emperor cannot take possession of the authority without the participation of the people. One moment of weakness may have the most fatal consequences; you must not lose an instant in getting yourself acknowledged by the army.'—'And what will become of my mother?'—'Sire,' replied Pahlen, 'I will immediately go to her majesty.' In fact, he immediately proceeded to the apartments of the empress. He requested the Countess of Lieven, one of the principal ladies of her majesty's household, to acquaint her with what had just

happened. It is a remarkable fact, that the scenes of horror which had taken place so near the apartments of that princess had not interrupted her sleep. Waked by the Countess of Lieven, she thought at first that the countess came to prepare her for the news of the death of her daughter, the Princess Palatine of Hungary. 'No, madam,' replied the countess, 'your majesty must survive a greater misfortune—the emperor has just died in a fit of apoplexy.'—'No, no!' exclaimed the empress; 'he has been assassinated!'—'I must then confess it to you,' replied the countess. The empress then hastily dressed herself, and rushed towards the chamber of Paul. In the saloon between her apartments and those of the emperor she found Pettarozkoi, the lieutenant of the guards of Semonowski, who commanded the thirty men, whom General Dreperadovitsch had stationed there.

'Pettarozkoi declared to the empress that she could not go any further. The princess insisted, asking if he did not know her, and from whom he had his orders? The officer replied, that he had the honour to know her majesty, and that his orders had been given him by his colonel. Nevertheless, the empress attempted to advance, in spite of the guards, who crossed their bayonets to prevent her. The princess, at length, turning to Pettarozkoi, gave him a box on the ear, and sunk down fainting into an arm-chair.

'The two grand duchesses, Maria and Catherine, had followed their mother, whom they in vain attempted to calm. The empress asking for a glass of water, a soldier snatched it from the hands of the person who had brought it, and turning to the empress, presented it to her, after drinking a few drops of it, saying, 'You may drink without apprehension, there is no poison in it.'

'At length the empress returned to her apartments. Pahlen went there to conduct her to her son. Though she had scarcely had time to recover herself, she had sufficient strength to assert her rights; and pretended that, by virtue of her coronation, she was reigning empress; and that, as such, the oath of allegiance ought to be taken to her. The emperor had already lost much precious time in waiting for his mother, and finding her thus disposed, he turned to Pahlen and said, 'Here is a new embarrassment, which we did not expect.' Pahlen, not suffering himself to be stopped by any consideration, obliged the emperor to set out immediately. The same carriage which was prepared to convey Paul to the fortress, served to take Alexander from the Michailow palace to the winter palace, where he was to receive the oath of allegiance from the great officers of the empire. Pahlen and Subow got up behind the carriage, the battalions of the guards following. Benningsen remained with the empress mother, in order to persuade her to renounce the ideas which occupied her thoughts. It was not without difficulty that Maria Fedorowna was induced to renounce her pretensions; and such are the charms of supreme authority, that in the midst of this night of horror they had sufficient ascendancy to make a mild and virtuous woman forget the dangers of power, the terrible death of a husband, the sentiments of a mother, the counsels of prudence and reason.

'At length the empress was induced to take the oath to the emperor, her son. From that moment, every thing went on as if Paul had died a natural death.

'Messrs. Vette, surgeon, and Stoff, physician, opened the body of Paul; and described,

in the technical language of their art, the causes which had occasioned the death of the emperor; he was embalmed, and lay in state for a fortnight, and then deposited in the vault of his ancestors, with all the accustomed pomp.

"It was observed that whenever the usual ceremonies obliged Alexander to approach the remains of his father, the expression of grief was evident in all his features.

"As for the assassins of Paul, they were all removed to a distance; several of them were sent to the regiments in Siberia. Count Pahlen himself was obliged to quit St. Petersburg; and the following is the occasion which served as a pretext for removing him.

"A short time after the death of Paul, a priest pretended to have received, in a miraculous manner, an image, under which these words were written, 'God will punish all the assassins of Paul I.' Count Pahlen, being informed of the impression which this imposture produced, complained of it to the Emperor Alexander, who gave him permission to put an end to the intrigues of the priest. The count ordered him to be scourged. The pretended visionary, confessing his cheat, declared that he had only acted by order of the empress dowager, who possessed a similar image. Count Pahlen caused it to be removed by force from the chapel of that princess. Incensed at the violence of this proceeding, she demanded satisfaction from the emperor, her son. M. de Becklechev received orders from the emperor to intimate to Count Pahlen that he was to leave St. Petersburg in a private manner.—Pahlen immediately resigned all his offices; the emperor, when he was informed of it, merely said, 'It is an excellent plan that Count Pahlen has adopted; but, that the sacrifice may be complete, his departure must be speedy.' Two hours after, he was on the way to Riga."

With this we conclude; and need offer no further opinion upon a publication of which we have enabled every reader to form a judgment by our extracts. There is a portrait of Alexander, engraved on stone, as a frontispiece; and this is a memorial of the mighty *Autocrat*, whose own decease and that of his father, as here recorded, are enough to teach us the folly of men who can call aught human by such a title, as if there were any *Autocrat* in this world but the absolute despot *Death*.

An Encyclopædia of Agriculture; comprising the Theory and Practice of the Valuation, Transfer, Laying out, Improvement, and Management of Landed Property; and the Cultivation and Economy of the Animal and Vegetable Productions of Agriculture; including the latest Improvements, &c. &c. 1 large vol. 8vo. with upwards of 800 Engravings on Wood. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S., &c. London: Longman and Co.

EXTREMES meet. Within memory, books on practical subjects were too few: the present generation is overwhelmed with them. Formerly a person engaged in any particular profession or business, desirous of learning its general state, what improvements were going on, or even how it was conducted abroad or in other parts of the same kingdom, could find scarcely any information or assistance from books. At present the evil is not of this nature. Books of all sizes, from the slim 8mo. to the ponderous and voluminous encyclopædia, may be had; but a practical man's time is too valuable to read all, or even a tithe part of what is published even in his peculiar

branch. If he had time, he cannot select the good; he may derive as much mischief as benefit, or, perhaps, more: he gets confused and bewildered; he is led into practices that injure his business; and thus, as we observed, the extreme of a multitude of books produces an evil as great, if not greater, than the other extreme—a scarcity of them.

In this state of things, we cannot conceive any greater service done to practical men than that of making a selection, by a person of good sense, judgment, information, and research, of what is good and useful; and the condensation of all this in a moderate size, and at a moderate price. Such a work, on any art, must be highly and extensively useful, and especially on agriculture.

Improvements and inventions in the various branches of manufacture are soon generally circulated; whereas great and undoubted improvements in agriculture may lurk in a corner of the kingdom for years, and not be known beyond its limits. If no other advantage, therefore, resulted from a judicious and skillful selection of agricultural knowledge and practice by a competent person, than making bad farmers acquainted with what good farmers were doing—this alone would be of infinite service to agriculture.

This, and much more, Mr. Loudon has performed in the present volume. To the old-fashioned farmer, who does not wish to go beyond mere good practice, it will afford most clear and useful information on what he ought to do, and what to avoid, in the management of his land under all circumstances.

But there are numerous farmers of the present day who wish to be informed how and why their operations succeed or fail; who, sensible of the connexion between botany, chemistry, and vegetable and animal anatomy and physiology, and agriculture, and the benefit the last may derive from the former, are anxious to become botanists, &c. so far as thus they will become better farmers: to them Mr. L.'s work will be an invaluable treasure.

And even to the general reader, who wishes to learn the history of the first of all arts, this work presents an interesting abstract.

We know farmers are averse to speculative and theoretical works; but this is in every respect, and in the best sense of the term, practical; for it teaches the best practices in agriculture in the plainest and fullest manner, and it grounds those practices on clear and undoubted principles. It describes the best implements, and it gives accurate engravings of them. In short, by condensing all that is known and ought to be done in agriculture in a single volume, it saves the expense of buying a multitude of books, and secures the farmer from the risk of being led astray in his practice through inability to distinguish good books from bad ones; while its manifest tendency is to improve the agriculture of the country, and raise the character of the farmer, by connecting agriculture with those sciences by the aid of which alone the most beneficial objects can be attained.

Traditions and Recollections; Domestic, Clerical, and Literary. &c. &c. By the Rev. R. Polwhele. In 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1826. J. Nichols and Son.

If there were such a word legitimated in the English language as *omnium-gatherum*, we would apply it to these volumes, which treat of every subject, *et cætera*. The amiable and respected author has been engaged in literary

pursuits for more than half a century; has written history, poetry, criticism; has corresponded with many distinguished persons; has collected letters and anecdotes of others who have preceded them; and has mingled all up together, in these traditions and recollections, with not much of the *lucidus ordo*, it must be confessed, and with much of trifling import that might as well have been omitted; but still possessing a considerable fund of entertainment, and recording some things which deserve not to be forgotten.

Among the longest articles, which, in our opinion, swell the work without adding much to its value, are the quotations from Reviews, of criticisms on Mr. Polwhele's various publications, and arguments or remarks thereon. These are very indifferent matters. Some of the Letters are also extremely uninteresting, though the names of Charles II. Cromwell, Fairfax, Macanley, Wolcot, Opie, Whitaker, Gibbon, Seward, Darwin, Scott, Cowper, Hayley, &c. &c. figure among the signatures. Others are, however, of a more important and agreeable character; and some of them might have been better relished, but for the absurd fashion of putting merely initials instead of names, which Mr. Polwhele has carried to a strange extent. Even his marriage is thus stated: "Mr. P. had not long served the cure of Lammoran, before he married a Miss W.:" now to call a lady a Miss W., is both very awkward and very ridiculous. But all these little faults, and even the offence against decorum,* too heedlessly perpetrated by printing

* Perhaps the subjoined may serve as a set-off. "Wolcot had sent," says the author, "a young lady at my mother's house an elegiac epistle from 'Matilda, Queen of Denmark,' &c. &c. and other poems. This epistle has never, I believe, to this moment, been printed. It is beautifully elegiac. Dr. W. thought (he said) the sentiment here attributed to the king of England inconsistent with his character, and therefore declined publishing the epistle. It is as follows:—

"Epistle from Matilda, Queen of Denmark, to George the Third.

"To thee, whose bosom bleeds at nature's cries,
The lost Matilda lifts her feeble voice.
Waste not the softness of thy soul in sighs:
Behold, I journey where the just rejoice.
"A child of sorrows I, alas! was born:
My birth was usher'd by the raven's song,
That, croaking, told me 'twas doom'd to mourn,
And drag a painful load of life along.
"When from my country and from thee I went,
Dear objects whom these languid eyes adore,
How on our parting kiss my heart was rent,
A spirit whispering, 'Ye shall meet no more!
"O'er the dark waves I urged my hopeless way,
And bid the Genius of the storm arise,
Shade with his gloomy wing the beams of day,
And gather all the thunders of the skies.
"In vain I wish'd the clements to join,
And whelm my griefs beneath the roaring wave:
To pour a heavier groan the lot was mine,
And sink with keener anguish to the grave.
"Britain with rapture saw a crown my dower,
And in the bright possession deem'd me blest:
Then smil'd the fiend that watch'd my natal hour,
And Envy smote for joy her cauker'd breast.
"What thoughtless thousands for a sceptre sigh,
And praise it with an idolising breath,
Whose rays, like distant lightnings, please the eye,
But prove, too near approach'd, the shafts of death!
"Yon column, that in stately ruin spread,
Heaps with its splendid spoils the field below,
Heaved to the stars of heaven its towering head,
But crumbled to the bolt's avenging blow.
"Vain are the charms that deck the shrines of kings—
There dove-eyed Innocence is scarcely known:
There lurking Treachery darts her scorpion stings;
And Flattery, like a spaniel, licks the throne.
"Lo! Impudence the royal ear invades,
Where Modesty is seen to wander far,
In rural scenes to cheer the twilight shades,
With lustre mild, like evening's lonely star.
"What joys await the sylvan maid! (I've cried)
Blest fortune midst the harmless flocks to dwell,
Content for ever smiling at her side,
And Peace the soft companion of her cell—

one of Dr. Wolcot's nasty lampoons, vanish before the good-natured egotism and garrulity of the worthy septagenarian: and we shall hardly do his erratic career justice, though we transcribe many varieties from among the very desultory contents of his miscellaneous pages. Order is unnecessary, and we set out with an anecdote of Charles I.

"The king at Boconnoc received from his trusty sheriff, Sir Francis Bassett, knight, the sum of 300*l.* on the 4th of September, 1644.

"Near the gate of Rockwood Grove, leading to Boconnoc Parsonage, there remains the stump of an aged oak, in which, tradition says, the king's standard was fixed. The upper part of the tree was broken off by the wind, in March 1783, about nine feet above the ground. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitants of this county it had produced scarcely any other than variegated leaves, which originally changed colour (as tradition further says) from an attempt to assassinate the king while receiving the sacrament under its branches. The ball is said to have passed through the tree, and a hole made by the woodpeckers was shewn in confirmation of the tale, which probably arose from the king

"With sweet Simplicity, whose lip divine

Sips with her sister Health the crystal spring:
How swiftly glide their moments! but of mine,
Each, mournful, leaves me with a leaden wing.

"Without a friend to join my dreary way,
I wander'd, labouring with a thousand woes.
Urged by my fate I went, but wept the day,
And offer'd with my hand my soul's repose.

"Around, while Grandeur bade his axle roll
With all the beams that splendour could impart,
Pale Melancholy with my bosom stole,
And with her darkest shadows chill'd my heart.

"The heart in solitary silence sigh'd:
Wan, drooping, heedless of the gaudy scene,
Say, whence the charm, amidst the glare of Pride,
To plant in Misery's check the smile serene?

"All guardless, in an unsuspecting hour,
Too fondly and too easily betray'd,
Luckless I felt Oppression's iron power,
That sought the ruin of a simple maid.

"A husband saw me on my knees for life:
My suppliant cry he heard, but trembling stood
Slave to his fears, he left a helpless wife
To stain the knife of murder with her blood.

"O were my sorrowing heart a husband's care,
His love would soften every killing pain;
His tenderness would steal me from despair,
And call my spirit to the world again!

"But far from me, with riot's madding throng,
My parting struggle yields his soul delight:
Whilst Pleasure sits aloft with her siren song,
I sink desponding to the shades of night.

"Yet, yet, Matilda, in thy latest sighs,
Thou droop'st not unflattered and alone;
Lo! Innocence forsakes her native skies,
To soothe with hope of future bliss thy moan.

"Why was I rescued from the threatening steel?
For harder trials why prolong'd my breath?
Then, blessing, I had bid my babes farewell,
And on their beauties closed my eyes in death.

"Sweet infants! you are long will hear my fall,
By Denmark told, to blast a parent's name;
Let not with you, my loves, the lie prevail,
Nor let my memory wake the blush of shame.

"By all the tears that dim these dying eyes,
And warm with all my soul's affection flow,
Ah, by my heart's last melancholy sighs,
That heave with all the energy of woe,

"I have not stain'd with infamy your line,
Though Slander's venom would my fame defile;
Know, Pity cheers me with her dirge divine,
And Conscience views my actions with a smile.

"Our artless asking tongues will oft inquire,
What laid a parent in an early grave:
Then Calumny will start, with eyes of fire,
And bid your little hearts with sorrow heave.

"Rise, then, O blushing Truth, my cause to plead,
And drive the demon from their listening ears.
Thus will they weep at Denmark's cruel deed,
And my ghost triumph in their tender tears.

"Lo, my last sand! My brother! O adieu!
Ere thou shalt hear, a sister's groans are o'er:
Far other scenes shall meet my wondering view,
Where friendship's bands unite; the blissful shore

"Where wild Ambition waves no blood-stain'd wing,
Nor Envy's restless fiend is seen to pine;
Where Love's pure spirit lifts the valleys sing,
And Virtue glories in a heart like thine."

having been actually shot at when in the hall-walk, and a fisherman killed who was gazing at him."

Of Gray the poet it is related:—

"Gray's effeminacy was the means of making him a perpetual subject of ridicule among the young men of the university. He took it into his head, the doctor informed me, of once letting his whiskers grow, in order to counteract the idea of his being less masculine than befitted the character of the sublime author of the Bard. A wag of the same college bribed one of the scouts to let his whiskers grow likewise. As he was a large, black-looking fellow, he very soon exceeded Gray in the dimensions of his mustachios; and when a vulgar joke from a bed-maker was superadded to this piece of ridicule, the poor poet was obliged to give up to the wits this only proof of his manhood."

The following composition is not attributed to Gray, but is of his period:—

"Thyrsis, when he left me, swore
Ere 'twas spring he would return!
Ah! what means that opening flower,
And the bud that decks you thorn?
'Tis the lark that upwards springs!
'Tis the nightingale that sings!
Idle notes! untimely green,
Why this unavailing haste?
Gentle gales and sky serene
Prove not always winter past!
Cease my fears, my doubts to move,—
Spare the honour of my love."

An epigram by Mr. Swete is also preserved; but college-wit is rarely worth much.

"To my lord, exclaims Roscius, whilst sipping his glass,
'No claret did ever your lordship's surpass.'
'Eh, Garrick! 'tis true; and I speak within bounds,
When I say 'twas a gift for a couple of pounds!'
'Ah! could I, my lord, such a kennel but keep,
Then my claret I'd quaff, as your lordship—dog—cheap."

Being in the way of humour, we may here quote a prose piece of it.

"Major Drewe to Captain C., in ridicule of Lieutenant R., a notorious punster.

"SIR,—Lieutenant R., of punning memory, is lately deceased, and as he has made you his executor, I hereby transmit you his will. Some time before his death, being seized with a sudden qualm of conscience, which neither his vivacity nor the reflections on the many excellent improvements he had made in the art of punning could alleviate, he sent for a lawyer, who being seated, with all his implements ready, our friend began in his usual style, thus:—'As my opinion is well founded, that as I am not well, I shall be found dead; and as I have slighted that Gospel which, when a boy, with my slight head I used to go spell; for which I fear that my soul will flounder in Erebus; and that it will please God to goad me with his displeasure, unless my dice I play sure, and am willing to trust my Will in your hands—I desire Mr. Morgan, as you wish for more gain, that you will write without preamble what I shall dictate; and I will beg as a witness my friend Dick Tate. Ha, Dick?' Here our friend was stopped from proceeding by an immoderate fit of laughing, which was occasioned by his finding a wonderful analogy between the question Ha, Dick? and the name of a sea-fish called an haddock; but after some minutes, having been recovered by the strength of cordials, and Morgan having resumed his pen, he went on as follows: 'Item, I give and bequeath to my friend the Honey Muse, Captain Gall, who, because he is musical, a Muse I call, all my musick, hoping it will not make his Muse sick, but set him an hopping.' Here the attorney stopped short, amazed at the strangeness of the language; but our friend, with a smile of self-exultation that diffused an additional glow over his countenance, asked him,

if he did not take him? and then triumphantly proceeded to point out the similarity between Honey and Gall, musical and Muse I call, hoping and hopping; but on the quill-driver's instantly confessing his own want of apprehension, this resumed his discourse: 'Item, I give and bequeath to the lieutenants of the 35th regiment all my real estate, that they may be worth a real, and really have something to rely on, and no longer be obliged to live tenant.

"And as in this worldly lottery I have had a lot avry, as we go I beg to state a word about Oswego, where I made an epaulment,† that did terribly appall men—Ha, ha, ha! laugh, laugh! Here he fell into a second fit of laughing, from which in about an hour's time he might probably have recovered, had he not unluckily, as he pronounced the sounds, ha, ha, recollected that the graves resembled in shape that modern ditch called an Ha, Ha: his fit returned with redoubled violence, and he expired in about ten minutes, laughing violently, and bystarts exclaiming, 'Grave, ditch, admirable! and ha, ha!'

"Thus fell, as he lived, W. R. He was by far the greatest punster of his age. And having arrived at that matchless perfection in punning, the art of being entirely incomprehensible to all inferior wits, he fell like the Theban in the midst of victory, triumphing over taste, common sense, and the purity of the English language.

"Mr. Morgan, who (like all who had ever approached this prodigy of punning) had caught some little of the celestial fire of his patron, ordered him to be buried decently, that he might decent lie, and the following grave epitaph to be engraved on his grave stone.

"EPITAPH.

"Here R—y lies; in punning quaint and witty,
Whom *Mors* has laid in tomb, the *more's* the pity.
From earth, this man so punnish, and so clever,
Mors, men to punish, took away for ever.
Yet wait him not; again your R—y view;
Rejoice, ye punsters, R—y lives in Drewe."

As our purpose is merely to make this notice as diversified as the work upon which it is written, we do not charge ourselves with any more particular ground for transcribing the following account:—

"H. S. to R. P.

"Preston, Lancashire, Feb. 17, 1808.

"REV. SIR,—In a paragraph of the Globe, of the 13th inst., mention is made of a blacksmith, Samuel Cornish, having on Saturday the 6th inst. fallen into a shaft of Creekbraw's mine, above seven fathoms deep, where he remained till the Tuesday following. He lived at Twelve Heads, in Kenwyn, near Truro. The celebrated Ladock conjuror, on being consulted when the man was missing, told the inquirers that he was alive and well, sitting on a stone at the bottom of a shaft; and that if they took some pains, they would find him as described before Tuesday noon. The event astonished them by answering their expectation, or rather by exceeding it. Your answer to this, as facts are stubborn things, and your attestation, *verbo sacerdotis*, will much oblige your inquisitive friend and brother, H. S.

"P. S.—I am one of those who, in compliance with common sense, or simple apprehension, would ever be open to conviction; but the world, it seems, grows wondrous wise, and because our ancestors made a blundering statute in swimming witches instead of sinking them, we are now to contradict the plain sense of Scripture, which mentions witches, wizards,

* "A common expression of our hero's."

† He used to boast of a slight fortification he had erected when on detachment at Oswego."

The Prospect, and other Poems. By Edward Moxon. 12mo. pp. 110. Longman and Co. THERE is both poetic talent and feeling in these pages, and we thought the more of such qualities after reading the preface. With none of the luxuries (for quiet and leisure are in this case absolute luxuries), and little of that assistance which the beacon lights of successful authors offer the candidate for fame, the young writer to whom we owe this modest volume has yet done much; and we hope that praise and encouragement will lead to his doing more. The following is a very sweet rural picture:—

"Blithely to rest sweet nature steals along:
Pause for a while—let's listen to her song.
Aloud the blackbird whistles o'er his nest;
The lark, still singing, hovers to his rest.
The woodland choir their notes more simple strain,
And softest music breathes throughout the plain.
The swallow swiftly skims the silent deep;
Slowly the flocks descend yon flowery steep.
Whose brow reflects the day's expiring glow,
Robed in the hues its latest smiles bestow.
The shepherd's evening lay salutes my ear,
The hills in gold and purple clothed appear:
The sheep-bell's tinkling lulls me with its sound;
Veil'd is the rumbling brook with dew around.
The weary traveller, bending with his load,
Pants for the house which lies afar yon road;
There to seek rest ere night his journey close;
There take till morn his short but sweet repose;
His parched thirst and weary soul regale,
'Mong rustics quaff his bright refreshing ale:
Where mirth and joy, with laughter close allied,
In every face, o'er every cup preside.
The hour draws nigh, the labourer leaves the plain;
Homewards there jogs the unconcerned swain;
His thoughts before him there find peaceful rest,
In sweet contentment he is surely blest.
To yonder cot which twinkles through the trees,
Secure from storms, and winter's chilling breeze,
On every side close sheltered by the wind,
To humble happiness a spot consign'd,
He winds along; then slopes the happy vales
Where fragrance floats, and healthy sweetness sails;
Where woodbines, wreathing, twine across his door,
And little garden smiles with fruitful store:
But more within far better joy he shares,
His loving wife the frugal meal prepares;
Before his smartly-burning hawthorn fire,
His little offspring round his soul inspire.
A father's love is kindled in his breast,
A husband's joys in every word conveys;
A child on either knee in tender grasp,
With them he takes his evening's sweet repast;
No brooding fears upon him clouding steel,
With health, with happiness, he picks his meal;
Then ere he seeks that soft and healing rest,
Ne'er found in riot, or in courts career'd,
The little space that skirts his cottage round
He prunes, he sows, or rakes the dewy ground;
Or o'er the lattice binds the creepers trim,
Or quaffs his pipe the shaded bower within.
No rumbling city throngs to stun his ear,
Or bores triumphant give him cause to fear.
The nation's discord's cry,
Cold hunger's plaint, the oppressor's cruelty,
Proud men's contempt, the world's unspitting scorn,
The misery by his fellow-creatures borne:
These, all-appalling, rarely reach the shed
Where happy ignorance secures its head.
Enough it is for those who know to feel
Misfortune's hapless, oft too erring steel.
As evening fades, night comes in dark array;
He seeks his rest—conscience no pains betray:
He sinks—his eyes in blissful slumbers close,
In rural dreams he finds a calm repose:
In little dread he sleeps, in less he lives,
Trusts nature and his God for all he gives."

We have said enough to evince that our opinion of the "Prospect" is a pleasant one, and we wish it may not be overclouded.

The Adventures of a Young Rifleman, in the French and English Armies, during the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1806 to 1816. Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 414. London, 1826. Colburn.

THESE memoirs, which have appeared in Germany under the editorial care of the celebrated Goethe, resemble several works of a similar genre which have been published in this country. They relate the adventures of a Saxon lad, who was enlisted into the French service when the armies of Napoleon overrun his native land, and who continued to be actively employed till taken prisoner by the

British on the retreat of Massena from Santarem. He then entered into our pay, and diversified his life by visiting Sicily, Malta, and Naples; till at length, the period for which he had engaged having expired, he returned to his home, and wrote this book.

Not so graphic in his descriptions as *The Subaltern*, nor so vivid as the *Recollections of the Life of a Soldier*, or the narrative of the poor Mariner Nichol—with a little taint of dullness occasionally, and not always quite correct as to his general facts, there are a number of striking and interesting details in this volume, which are well calculated to recommend it for popular reading. "Our young soldier," observes M. Goethe, "is naturally of a good disposition; he accommodates himself to every thing he meets with; he is obedient, brave, hardy, good-tempered, and honest—with the exception of a slight propensity to plundering—which, however, he always manages to palliate, under the plea of pressing necessity. In short, were we thrown into this course of life, he is just the companion we should wish for."

"His military career was entered upon without consideration—it was passed through without care: and thus we find the occurrences easily and pleasantly narrated. Want and plenty, good fortune and ill fortune, death and life, flow equally from the pen; and the book makes a very enduring impression. There is something peculiarly interesting in the adventures of an individual wandering, without any will or purpose of his own, wherever he may be directed by the orders of his superiors, or by stern necessity. We see the gain of one moment lost in the next; and in the back-ground, opposed to very trifling advantages, labours, wounds, sickness, imprisonment, starvation, and death!"

"The description of this ever-varying career is also rendered particularly interesting on this account: that the commonest soldier, seeking his home wherever he goes, is, by means of his billets, as if led by the hand of Asmodeus, introduced into every house, and into the deepest recesses of domestic privacy. Of relations of this nature there is no scarcity in the volume before us."

This is a just character of the narrative, and releases us from any other task than the easy one of proving its truth by selecting a few fair examples from the parts of greatest interest. After entering Spain, our hero complains bitterly of the vermin which covered and plagued him and his comrades every where. He adds,

"To free ourselves from these hateful and tormenting insects, we tried all the means we could think of. Some rubbed the seams of their shirts and clothes with fat; but the best and most effectual method was what was called the Hungarian washing, which was performed in the following manner: a fire was made of straw or dry wood, and the shirt being tied up at one end, was held over it; the smoke caused it to open like a balloon, and the insects, disturbed by the heat, loosened their hold upon the linen, and fell into the flames; this was repeated several times, and thus for a little while we could manage to free ourselves from these vermin. During our halts for the night, officers and soldiers were constantly seen employed in this manner, and this occupation frequently gave rise to tragi-comical scenes; for many a one, unaccustomed to this manner of washing, paid for his experience by the loss of perhaps his only shirt; others, who had perhaps saved half, were subjected to all manner of jokes from their comrades while putting on what remained."

But scenes of other kinds awaited the invaders when they marched upon Valencia.

"We now marched direct upon Valencia; and from this time no house was spared, the property of the owners remained no where unmolested—even the churches were plundered, although a strict order to the contrary was issued, and several soldiers, taken in the fact, were shot. The utmost severity proved of no avail; the thirst after money overcame all fear of punishment among the French soldiery. Numbers separated themselves from the corps, and ravaged the vicinity upon their own account; stole mules, and loaded them with the plunder; others, who could find no mules, returned, bending under the weight of the burdens they carried upon their backs. Of course all soldiers did not act in this way, though many did, and these usually kept themselves between the rear guard and the main body, where they could plunder safely and undisturbed; for at this time there was no leisure to arrest them; some who suffered themselves to be caught, were punished, but these were not many. The officers themselves took advantage of any good opportunity, without thinking it any disgrace; the surgeons in particular were not to be surpassed in this trade: instead of attending to the sick and wounded, they were intent only upon filling their own pockets. Upon entering the houses, the first operation was always to break open the wine-cellar: holes were shot in the casks; but after each man had taken what he wanted, they were never stopped again. If one sort was not approved of, two, three, and very often all the casks in the cellar were tried. In a cellar belonging to a convent, containing at least fifty hogheads, I once saw some soldiers belonging to the 34th regiment fire into every cask, and the wine ran out so abundantly, that some drunken *gens-d'armes* were actually swimming in it. This mischief was not always done wantonly, but frequently occasioned by carelessness and want of thought. The immoderate use of strong wine, and meat without any bread, gave rise to dangerous disorders, which carried off numbers of the men."

"At Valladolid," he continues, "the palace of the Holy Inquisition was appointed for our barracks. The major-domo received our colonel, at that time the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, at the gates, and presented him an imperial order, signifying that on pain of punishment, nothing throughout the buildings should be damaged. This order was immediately made known to us before our admission, and at first punctually obeyed; but, like all orders of this nature, particularly in an enemy's country, was by degrees forgotten and neglected by the soldiers, and in less than three weeks' time we had pretty well ransacked the whole of the interior."

"Here the horrible secrets of the Inquisition were brought to light, and by this means I contracted such an unconquerable aversion to the Spanish clergy, as I have never been able to overcome."

"The palace of the Inquisition forms a square, having a large handsome court in the centre: the front contains a number of handsome rooms, not at all antique, but fitted up entirely in the modern taste. Upon crossing the court-yard, a flight of steps led to the consistory, where the sittings were held; in this there was a sort of raised stage, which upon these occasions was occupied by the Grand Inquisitor and his colleagues. Beyond this, on the farther side, we found the library, the archives, and last of all the room of torture, about fifty or sixty steps under ground."

"The first object which struck us in this place of horror was the rack machine, somewhat similar to the lash-chamber, with which to this day, in many countries, soldiers are punished. Two bars, the length of a man, were crossed by two others of the same size, and formed a sort of bed; there was a board hollowed out, where the head of the unfortunate victim was placed and buckled tight by a strap. On each side were rings in the wall, through which ropes passed; these were fastened to the body, arms, and legs, and then drawn so tight that they cut into the flesh. During this operation the victim had his mouth kept filled with water, so that, in addition to his torment, he had the feeling of suffocation.

"The second instrument was for torture by means of fire; it was a chair with a footstool, in which two holes were cut; through these the feet were placed, and held over a hot pan of coals, and, to increase the pain, were first rubbed with oil.

"The third torture, for which I have no name, was a rope, which, after the victim's arms had been placed behind his back, was tied to his hands, and by this means, after forty or fifty pounds weight had been fastened to his feet, he was drawn up to the ceiling.

"We burned and destroyed all these instruments of torture; the archives we used for lighting our fires, and for a variety of purposes. Had I been at that time more experienced, I might, among these records, have found many things interesting and worthy of transmission to posterity; but as it was, they were all destroyed, without any one giving himself the least trouble about them.

"In the middle of the court was a well, though it contained no water; but under the colonnade was another, from which water could be drawn into the uppermost stories. This water was not very good, having a sweetish decayed taste; but for want of better, there being no other well near, and the river Pisuerga being at some distance, we made use almost entirely of this, as well for drinking as cooking. No one regiment in the garrison was so unhealthy as ours; and I was told by the surgeons of the regiment, that the prevailing disorder was the putrid fever, of which there was not the slightest symptom in any other of the regiments; at last the reason was found out.

"A soldier had let his watch fall into this well; another, a mason by profession, offered to get it out again, if he might be allowed to go down, and the owner would give him half the value. This was agreed to, and the mason immediately set to work; but he quickly came up again with affright, and said there were skeletons in the well. The matter was investigated, and several were actually taken out; they had probably not lain there a great while, as pieces of flesh were still hanging to them. The well was immediately closed up, and water was brought for us upon asses from the river, and the neighbouring wells; and it was said that much of the sickness had been occasioned by the water which had been poisoned by the dead carcasses.

"The cellars were filled with the choicest wine; these we liked the taste of, and often drank the downfall of the Inquisition in their own wine.

"Near this building, in the square of St. Pedro, the Autos da Fé, or public executions, took place! Within these walls we found all the apparatus used upon these occasions, such as caps ornamented with devils, serpents, and all kinds of monsters; dresses painted with flames, and the whole economy of the infernal regions.

"But enough of these cruelties, shocking to humanity!

"During our stay in Valladolid, several guerilla prisoners were brought in, and executed. These undisciplined bands had originated in various ways. After the insurrection in Madrid, and our advance upon Valencia, all the scum of the country had turned out against us. These did little service to the nation, as the leaders were usually rogues, who only sought to enrich themselves; they levied contributions every where, drove off the cattle, and robbed the poor peasants of every thing the French had left them; on which account they were in many places as much dreaded as the French themselves. Afterwards, several bands were formed under Mina, El Empecinado, Jayme, and others, which did as much mischief; they rendered the roads so unsafe, that no convey could pass without a strong escort. They threw themselves headlong upon the strongest detachments, and not unfrequently gained material advantages and considerable booty. These guerillas consisted chiefly of French deserters, and but few natives were to be found among them. There were, at least, thirty men belonging to our regiment in the band of El Empecinado, who carried on their operations in the neighbourhood of Villa Delpando, Benavente, and Toro. These troops were mostly composed of badly mounted cavalry, who had equipped themselves in a most singular manner, with the clothing taken from the French; many a trooper wore gaiters, had a long cuirassier's sabre, a blanket in the place of a cloak, a cora, or cloth cap on the head, and a long musket hung behind, on his lean, worn-out steed. Whenever a French horseman pursued one of these knights of the rueful countenance, he usually looked round, placed his hand upon a part of his body which shall be nameless, put his horse into a gallop, and disappeared in an instant. The infantry were just as ridiculously equipped: it often afforded us much amusement to see them stalking about in large boots, a dragoon's helmet upon their heads, and a long sword by their sides.

"They were once surprised by the 10th and 11th regiments of dragoons, and a number of prisoners made, who were all shot, strangled, or hanged by the French as brigands. At an execution of this kind there were once eighty men strangled; the whole garrison was present, and our battalion kept guard. In the centre of the square a large scaffold was erected, upon which were several upright posts, to which boards were fixed as seats for the criminals. As soon as they were seated, the executioner placed an iron collar round their necks, which had a screw behind; this being screwed up, broke the neck and choked the windpipe at the same time. A laughable occurrence happened at this execution, namely, the asses, upon which the delinquents had been brought, all began simultaneously to bray at the moment they were despatched." [Very laughable, truly!] "At another time, two deserters from our regiment were brought in; one, the drum-major, a Brunswicker by birth, who had also taken with him the regimental staff, which was of some value; the other, quite a young lad, belonging to the band. The latter, not being quite fifteen years old, could not be condemned to death; but he requested this punishment, and both were shot before the gate of Toro. Prisoners of this kind were seldom kept long, but immediately shot. The prisoners taken, belonging to the Spanish regular troops, were also but roughly dealt with. I once saw, myself, (we were escorting two thousand of

them) that a Spanish dragoon in the vicinity of Valdestillas, who was unable to proceed, was immediately ordered to be bayoneted by a lieutenant of our regiment."

The continuation is a remarkable trait of character.

"The Emperor Napoleon came to Valladolid, and reviewed the troops lying here. In passing the front of the regiments, he spoke to several of the soldiers; and struck, perhaps, by my youth, he addressed me also. He asked me: *'Quel âge as-tu, jeune homme?'* *'Seize ans et demi, sire.'* *'Vous êtes encore trop jeune. De quel pays êtes-vous?'* *'Je suis Saxon, mon Empereur.'* *'Ah, les Saxons sont toujours de bons soldats, et je crois que vous le serez aussi, pas vrai, mon garçon!'*

"With these words he left me, and turned to another. He was accustomed to hold those to whom he was speaking by the button, this he did to me; and during the whole time did not let me go, so that I felt completely confused. While we were here in garrison I was made corporal."

Then, again, the tale of blood proceeds:—

"We remained eighteen days in Chigona, and then returned to Castile. The hospital and baggage were sent on some miles in advance, in waggons drawn by oxen. The army followed, and was usually about half a day's march behind. One day, when the column was marching upon one of the worst roads in all the Asturias, with our regiment in front, some hussars came galloping in, and reported that the escort of the baggage had been attacked by the troops of Romana, and with such an overwhelming force that they were too weak to resist, and had been obliged to retreat; the hospital the Spaniards had captured, and were making havoc among the sick and wounded.

We hastened forward as quick as we could, but we came too late: one half of the escort lay dead upon the field, and the waggons, with the sick and wounded, had been thrown down a precipice, after the oxen had been taken out and driven away. All those who, in endeavouring to escape by flight, had been taken, the Spaniards had stripped, and murdered with their knives! It was a shocking sight to behold these poor helpless wretches murdered in this manner; many an eye, which for a length of time had not known a tear, was moistened, and our blood boiled with rage against the brutal assassins of our defenceless comrades.

We vowed death and destruction to all Spaniards who should fall into our hands, and this oath we kept inviolate. The village which had the misfortune to afford us shelter for the night was burnt to ashes; no living being was spared; all were sacrificed to our revenge; and the Spanish soldiers who were brought in prisoners were drowned without any mercy! This part of the business was undertaken and performed in a masterly manner by a battalion of Germans, who were with us; the dead bodies were afterwards hung up, and ornamented with their weapons."

The soul revolts at such atrocities; but war brutalizes mankind till the veriest tiger of the wild is humane when compared with Humanity. But what can we expect when religion itself is brought in to inflame these fierce and bloody passions? The Spanish priests were wont, as our author tells us, to incite the massacres by saying to the peasants and guerillas, "As many Frenchmen as you kill, so many steps you advance in your ascent to heaven!" To the horrors of the field and fray were super-added still greater horrors of the hospital and prison. Being wounded, the writer was

carried to the hospital at Real; and he relates:

"While I was lying here, sick and wounded were constantly brought in from the army, and I had many opportunities of observing how many lives were lost through the barbarity of the attendants. A soldier of the 39th regiment of the line, who was brought in very ill, had a bed directly opposite to me, and we often conversed together. He told me that he had got some money about him, and that he would willingly pay the attendants if they would nurse him properly. I dissuaded him from this, and warned him by the relation of several occurrences I had witnessed during my stay; but, in spite of my advice, he trusted to the medical attendants, and allowed his purse of money to be seen. He got every day worse; and one night the medical attendant and his worthy colleagues, who were become impatient that he did not depart in peace, and leave them in possession of his property, filled his mouth with water, and held it close until he was suffocated. The next morning he was found dead, and was carried out to be buried, along with several others, who had either died a natural death or had been murdered in the same way. Although I had witnessed the perpetration of this cruel deed, I remained silent for some days, until I received my certificate of health, and was thus safe from the revenge of these inhuman murderers of the sick. Upon the surgeon-major coming to visit me, I related to him the whole occurrence in the presence of the murderers. They denied it steadily at first; but my word was taken in preference to theirs, and they were brought before a court-martial. They then confessed their crime, and were shot without mercy. In this manner numbers of soldiers lost their lives. In the breasts of these wretches every feeling of humanity was extinct; they were actuated only by a thirst of gain; and without reflecting that they deprived their country of a protector, aged parents of a support, or infant children of a father, they murdered every one whom they knew was possessed of money, and was too weak to oppose them."

We will, however, dwell no longer on these hateful pictures; but conclude with the Sicilian anecdotes, of a less painful complexion.

"A soldier belonging to a Swiss regiment, having strolled into the garden of a nunnery, remained there too late; and upon wishing to come out again, found the gates closed. The walls being high, there were no means of getting out, and he began to bawl aloud, but no one appeared to set him at liberty. Tired out at last, he laid down upon a bench, and fell asleep, and did not awake until aroused by some one shaking him. He opened his eyes with astonishment, upon seeing a veiled female before him, who beckoned him to follow. He got up, and followed her without suspicion into the convent, where at first he found himself very comfortable; but at last, tired of the business, he begged for his discharge, which was absolutely refused. In this manner he was imprisoned for several days, without hopes of escape, being confined on the side of the convent looking into the garden, and not into the street. At last he found an opportunity of making himself remarked by a sentinel, posted on the other side of the convent. The soldier at first was astonished, and quite surprised to behold such a wolf among the lambs, but went and told it to the commandant, who inquired into the circumstance. It was discovered that a soldier was missing from the regiment, whom, for his character for steadiness, it was considered im-

possible should have deserted; it was, therefore, immediately conjectured that this might be the man. On the following day an inquiry was secretly made at the convent, and the bird was found in the cage, sighing for liberty, and joyful he was to find himself released."

At this place, Palermo, "among the idlers and unnecessary consumers of provisions may be reckoned the innumerable quantities of dogs, wandering about without owners, and which readily make themselves at home wherever they can find any thing to eat. We being now abundantly supplied with every thing, and meat in particular, (each man being allowed a pound per day), a number of these dogs collected about us, many perhaps having masters, but only a scanty allowance of food, in order to assist in the consumption of our superfluity. I can assert, with truth, that by degrees a band of forty or fifty collected at the quarters of our regiment, who kept excellent order among themselves, but treated all new comers very roughly, until they became accustomed to them. It was also just the same with the other regiments. Among the number, two dogs of the wolf breed were particularly distinguished. They would take nothing but what was given them by the soldiers of the regiment, and were most deadly enemies to the cats of the convent, whom they persecuted in every possible way. One day these two dogs were in pursuit of a cat, who seeing no other place of refuge near, made her escape into a long earthen water-pipe, which was lying on the ground. These two inseparable companions, who always supported each other, pursued the cat to the pipe, where they halted, and consulted what was to be done to deceive and get possession of their enemy. After they had stood a short time, they divided, took post at each end of the pipe, and began to bark alternately, to give the cat reason to suppose they were both at one end, and to induce her to come out. Their really astonishing cunning soon had a successful result, and the cheated cat left her hiding-place. Scarcely had she ventured out, when she was seized by one of the dogs; the other hastened to his assistance, and in a few moments deprived her of life."

"The monks, exasperated at this, poisoned many of these dogs; but this availed them nothing, for fresh ones constantly came, who, however, fared no better than their predecessors. The two before-mentioned dogs still remained, in spite of all the endeavours of the monks to destroy them, for they would eat of nothing which they placed in their way, nor indeed of any thing out of our quarters. A soldier of our regiment afterwards took them both with him to Germany."

With this trait of animal sagacity to contrast with human rapine, we take our leave of these adventures. There are some blemishes in the translation which ought to have been avoided; especially the general misuse of the vulgarism "laid." At page 268, too, there is an odd blunder, where the narrow sea between France and England is designated "the Channel of La Manche." This "La Manche" seems to be a sore stumbling block to translators: we remember seeing it once rendered La Mancha in Spain; but the mistake most apposite to the present was the subject of a tolerable French caricature, in which Buonaparte was represented trying to thrust his arm into the sleeve of a uniform coat too tight for him, and at the same time looking wistfully across the Channel (signifying both sleeve and Channel) towards England, and cursing La Manche for preventing him from accomplishing his object.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Story of Isabel. By the Author of "The Favourite of Nature." 12mo. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

A NOVEL. Can we call these productions novels, which have grown up in this age of inventive instruction, when children are taught geometry and mathematics, algebra and mineralogy, by playthings; and philosophy and theology assume the shape of duodecimos—and thereby hangs a tale? If we may; then is the story of Isabel a novel—a religious novel, we believe, is the phrase used upon such occasions. A hero deserts a heroine for the odious crime of writing a tragedy! but can it be evangelical to break a confiding woman's heart because she is tainted with poetry, though the worst of all poetry—dramatic? However, it is a consolation that there is never any very appalling catastrophe where people are divested of passions, and conduct themselves upon sound principles. Thus, though such books as this may be morally useful, they lose some of the charms of highly-wrought fiction. We have no question but that the present publication will please those to whom it is addressed: there is certainly a good deal of acuteness and knowledge of human nature displayed by the writer.

The Gardener's Magazine, and Register of Rural and Domestic Improvement. Conducted by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S., &c. No. I. Longman and Co.

To all our readers who are fond of gardening or country affairs, we recommend this work, as one from which they will derive both entertainment and instruction. The author's other works are so universally esteemed, that his name is a sufficient guarantee for whatever is connected with it. An obvious proof of this may be found in the names of the contributors to this first number of the magazine, most of whom are horticulturists of the first rank. As Mr. Loudon professes to give the essence of all new works on gardening and agriculture, his magazine will be of incalculable value to working gardeners and farmers, who cannot afford to buy expensive works, such as the Horticultural Transactions, Linnæan Transactions, and other works containing much valuable matter, but not accessible to general readers. In short, we have not a doubt that gardening and gardeners may date a new era from the commencement of the Gardener's Magazine.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WINE.

In these times of general tribulation, perhaps the advice of Solomon, who was a wise man, may occur to some of our readers; and they may wish to lose the sense of losses and disappointments by steeping it in wine: for it is well sung by Burns, paraphrasing the royal Hebrew minstrel:

"Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's press'd w' grief and care;
And liquor gude, to fire his bluid,
That's sinking w' despair:
There let him booze, and deep carouse,
In bumper flowing o'er;
Till he forget his love and debt,
And heed his griefs no more."

It is for the benefit of such that we have taken the trouble to print the annexed tabular view of wines; which is, besides, well worth thanks for comprehending so complete a mass of information on the subject within so small a compass; (we advise always to keep within compass in wine-tables.) But after all, classifications and names only serve to puzzle the

toper; and if the vintage be but good, what signifies how it is called? For example, in these tables, full as they are, we miss, among our French tipple, or perhaps they have each an *alias*, the *œil de perdrix*, and the *Lafitte*, *Château Margaux*, *haut Brion* and *Grave*; we would not mention *Luvel*, *Frontignan*, and other lady drinks. The list is, nevertheless, superb, and enough to awaken a dry reviewer's (or any other body's) thirst.

Table of the principal known Wines, and of the Quantity of Alcohol in Wines.

Where Produced.	Generic Names.	Varieties.	Quantity of Alcohol in 100 Parts.	Qualities.
Portugal	Red. Port	(average)	22-96 B.*	Deep purple; rough; bittersweet; spirituous.
		Vinho de Ramo	15-62 P.	
		Collares	19-75 P.	
	White. Bucellas		18-49 B.	Pale straw; flavour delicate.
		Setuval	—	Ambercolour; sweet.
Spain	White. Sherry		18-65 B.	Deep amber colour; nutty and aromatic.
		Amontillado	19-17 B.	Amber colour; sweet and aromatic.
		Paxarete	—	
		(A. D. 1666)	18-94 B.	Amb. colour; flavour delicate, rich, sweet.
		Pedro-ximenes	—	Colour deeper; sweet, luscious.
		Lagrima de Malaga	—	Resembles Malaga.
		Malmsey of Sites, Priory	—	
	Red. Tent. Tintilla		13-30 B.	Purple; sweet; flavour strong, spicy.
		La Torre	—	Sweet.
		Feralea	—	
		Sogorve	—	
		Vinaros	—	
		Benicarlo	—	
		Carinena	—	
		Val de Penas	—	
		Maunares	—	
		Ciudad Real	—	
Majorca	White. Alba for.		17-26 B.	Resembles Sauterne.
France	White. Champagne	Sillery	13-30 B.	Still, of an amb. col. Brisk or sparkling; delicate flavour and aroma; slightly acidulous; but some are still, or at most simply creaming; generally paler than Sillery.
		Ay, Hautvillers, Epernay, Dizy, Avenay, Avise, Oger, Pierry, Closot, Lermesnil, Cramont, Menil	—	
	Red. Champagne	Vergy	11-93 B.	Good colour and body, and a high agreeable flavour.
		Versigny, Mailly, Bouzy, St. Basle, Charnery, Ecuell, Villademange	—	
		Clos St. Thierry	—	Colour and aroma of Burgundy, with lightness of Champagne.
	White. Arbois		—	Inferior to Champagne, but resembling it in some of their qualities.
		Paillon, Chablis	—	
	Red. Burgundy		14-37 B.	
		Romanée Conti, Clos-Vougeot, Chambertin, Richebourg, Romanée de Saint Vivant, Tache, St. George	—	Beautiful, rich, purple colour; exquisite flavour, with a full body, yet delicate and light.
		Volnay, Pomard, Corton, Vosne, Nuits, Beaune, Chamboll, Morey, Meursault, Savigny-sous-Beaune	—	Excellent wines, but inferior to the former.
		Romanèche, Torins, Chenas, Tonnerre, Auxerre	—	Strong, generous wines.
	White. Burgundy	Mont Rachet	—	High perfume and nutty flavour.
		La Perrière, la Combotte, la Goutte d'or, la Genevrière, les Charmes, Vau-morillon, les Grises, Valmur, Grenouilles, Vaudesir, Bougnereau, Mont de Millen, Futsay, Pouilly	—	Rich, high-flavoured wines.

* Ascertained on the authority of Mr. Brander; P. of Dr. Prout; and Z. of Mr. Zéz.

Where Produced.	Generic Names.	Varieties.	Quantity of Alcohol in 100 Parts.	Qualities.
France	Red. Hermitage	Meal, Greffieux, Besas, Baume, Haucoulee	2-32 B.	Dark purple colour; flavour exquisite, and perfume resembling that of the raspberry.
		Croas, Gervant, Mercurol	—	Less delicate in flavour.
	White. Hermitage	Vin de paille	17-43 B.	Amber colour; sweet, luscious.
	Côte Rotie	Verinay	13-32 B.	Resembles Hermitage in flavour, but are weaker.
		Seyssuel	—	Violet perfume.
		Clarette of Die	—	Light, sparkling, delicate.
	Red. Tavel		—	Bright rose colour; flavour and aroma delicate.
	Chuzan		—	
	Beauvaine		—	
	St. Genies		—	
	Lirac		—	
	St. Laurence		—	
	St. Joseph		—	
	St. Georges		—	
	Cornas		—	Full rich colour; flavour of Ratafia.
	White. Vin de Coton	St. Peray, St. Jean	—	Sprightly; flavour of the violet.
	White. Frontignan		12-79 B.	Luscious, flavour of the grape.
		Lunel	15-52 B.	Bright yellow colour; less luscious than Frontignan.
		Clos-Mazet	—	Resembles Sherry.
	Red. Roussillon	Cazoul, Bauxan	—	
		(average)	18-13 B.	Great body and colour, become tawny when old.
		Bagnols sur Mer, Coperton, Collioure, Torellia, Grenache, Terrats	—	
	White. Roussillon	Rivassaltes	—	Bright golden colour; fragrant aroma; flavour of the quince.
		Salces (Maccabae)	—	Similar, inferior to Rivassaltes.
	Red. Claret	(average)	21-24 P.	Red; somewhat rough; sweet.
		Lafitte, Latour, Leoville, Chateau Margaux, Rauzan	15-10 B.	Deep purple delicate flavour; violet perfume.
		(Graves) Haut Brion, Haut Blon, Merignac, Artinino, Kias-nost (average)	13-37 B.	Resemble the better sorts of Burgundy, but are rougher.
		Gorce, Larose, Brasmouton, Pichow, Longueville	—	Light wines; of good flavour.
		St. Emilion, Canon	—	Harsh; odour of burning sealing-wax.
	White. Claret	Preignac-Beaumes, Langon, Geron, Buzet	—	Secondary quality.
		St. Nexas, Sance, Mont-Basillac	—	Sweet.
	Barsac		13-96 B.	Amber colour; full; aroma somewhat like cloves.
	Sauterne		14-22 B.	Amber colour; sweetish.
Germany	White. Rhenish	Johannisberger (1738)	8-71 P.	High flavour and perfume.
		Steinberg	—	Strongest of Rhine wines; sweetish.
		Rudesheimer (1811)	10-72	Like the former.
		Grafenberg	—	Soft and delicate flavour.
		Markebrune, Rothenberg	—	
	Red. Rhenish	(Hock) Hochelmer (average)	13-68 B.	Light; acidulous.
		Amanshausen, Leifrauenmich, Scharlachberger, Laubenheim, Nierstein	—	Light; delicate perfume and taste.
	Red. Rhenish	Bodenheimer (1802)	13-96 Z.	Delicate perfume and taste.
	Moselle	Braunsberg, Flornort, Zeitlagen, Wehlen, Graach	—	Light, pleasant flavour, high aroma.
Hungary	Tokay		9-08 B.	Brownish - yellow when new, greenish when old.
		Tokay Essence	—	Syrupy, thick, muddy.
		Ausbruch	—	Thinner and more vinous.
		Maasla	—	Inferior to the two former.

* A Tuscan wine.

† A Canadian wine.

Where Produced.	Generic Names.	Varieties.	Quantity of Alcohol in 100 Parts.	Qualities.	Where Produced.	Generic Names.	Varieties.	Quantity of Alcohol in 100 Parts.	Qualities.
Hungary	Ménésér	{Edinburg, Rusth, Offen.	—	Sweet, resembles Tokay.	Barbary	Usuph	water in which raisins are steeped.	—	Strong and harsh.
Italy	Montepulciano	—	—	Sweet, with high flavour.	Nepaul	Sihee	fermented juice of the Palmira tree, Borassus flabelliformis, Callu, Teilly, Sauru.	—	—
	Verdea	Alcatice	16-20 P.	Brilliant purple; luscious aromatic flavour.	Hindustan	Tarl	fermented juice of Elate glyestris, the wild date, nearly the same as Tarl.	—	—
	Trebbiano	—	—	Greenish colour and high flavour.	Sinday	—	fermented juice of Elate glyestris, the wild date, nearly the same as Tarl.	—	—
	Albano	Montefascone	—	Golden colour; sweet.	China	Cha	boiled rice fermented.	—	—
	Orvietto	—	—	Pale straw colour; light.	Mandurin	—	fermented mare's milk.	—	—
	Lacrima Christi	—	19-70 B.	Both red and white; light.	Tartary	Koumis	fermented cow's milk.	—	—
		Monte - Somma, Gallite	—	Red, luscious, sweet.	Airen	—	the flesh of the lamb fermented with rice and other vegetables.	—	—
		Ischia, Nola, Ottajano, Novella, Torre de Greco, Pozzula	—	The best Lacrima.	Kanyangtaye	—	fermented juice of the palm-tree, Congo.	—	—
	Vino Greco	(average)	25-9 B.	Second-rate wines.	Millafo	—	fermented millet, Caffra.	—	—
Sicily	Marala	Twenty-one years old, submitted to Soemmering's process five years	18-40 P.	Sweet.	Pomble	—	fermented juice of Apples.	—	—
	Syracuse	—	15-28 B.	Resembles Madeira.	Brazil	Kool	fermented juice of the Agave.	—	—
	Etna	—	30-60 P.	Both red and white. Resembles Madeira, with the harsh flavour of Sicilian brandy.	Mexico	Palque	juice of Betula alba fermented with sugar.	—	—
	Lisa	—	15-90 P.	Resembles Claret.	Norway	Birch wine	—	—	—
Ithaca	Red wine of Ithaca	—	—	Hermitage flavour.					
Cephalonia	Cephalonia	—	—	A dry red wine.					
Candia	Rithymo	—	—	A fine flavoured white wine.					
Cyprus	Vino Santo	—	—	Pale straw colour; sweet.					
Tenos	Tenos	—	—	Luscious, sweet.					
Tenados	White Muscadine	—	—	Luscious, sweet.					
Smyna	—	—	—	Full; pungent, nutty, or bitter-sweet, rich, aromatic flavour.					
Madeira	Madeira	(average)	22-27 B.	Luscious, sweet.					
		(West Indies)	21-30 P.	Resembles Madeira.					
		Sercial (average)	20-32 B.	—					
		Malmsey	16-40 B.	—					
Teneriffe	Teneriffe	—	19-79 B.	—					
Cape of Good Hope	Constantia	—	14-50 P.	—					
	Red Constantia	—	18-92 B.	—					
	White Constantia	—	19-75 B.	—					
	Steen wine	—	10-60 P.	—					
	Cape Muschat	—	18-25 B.	—					
	Madeira	(average)	20-51 B.	—					
Pensia	Shiraz	White	19-80 P.	—					
		Red	15-52 B.	—					
England	Grape wine	—	18-11 B.	—					
	Raisin wine	(average)	25-12 B.	—					
	Current wine	—	20-55 B.	—					
	Gooseberry wine	—	11-84 B.	—					
	Elder wine	—	9-67 B.	—					
	Orange wine	—	11-26 B.	—					
	Cyder	—	9-87 B.	—					
	Perry	—	7-26 B.	—					
	Mead	—	17-32 B.	—					
	Sycamore wine	juice fermented with sugar.	—	—					

Such then are the materials for gossip over a bottle.

"Boy! bring the flowing goblet here,
The heart oppress'd with care to cheer!"

"And who can deny its power?" exclaimed Dick Careless, as he drew the table, which had just been furnished with its usual quota of bottles and glasses, nearer to the fire, and recited the above couplet of a little Anacreontic, the composition of a mutual friend. "Who can deny its power?" continued he, "that has tasted it when good, and of a proper age, from the time of Noah to that of Dr. Henderson? Who that has not abused it has ever found it injurious? Besides strengthening the animal frame, does it not exhilarate the spirits, sharpen the wit, and call into action all the intellectual powers?" When our volatile friend had exhausted his eloquence, the conversation of the little group, of which he formed a part, that was seated round our parlour fire, graced with a blazing billet of wood, turned upon the different kinds of wine, and their qualities: but, except the every-day wines, port, sherry, Madeira, and claret, and a few of the holiday wines, for example, Champagne, hock, barsac, Burgundy, Montefascone, and Tokay, our information was very meagre on the subject under discussion. Dr. Henderson's admirable work was appealed to, and we determined to draw up a table of wines and their qualities, when we were informed by a learned leach, who was present, that our object had been anticipated; and having referred us to the work in which it was to be found,* we obtained it; and, for the edification of our readers, have, as above, transferred it to the pages of the Gazette.

* The London Dispensatory, by A. T. Thomson, M.D., 4th edit., 1826.

GARDENING REPORT AND CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

AFTER three mild winters, weather so severe as that we have lately experienced is likely to be severely felt in gardens. A great part of the brassica tribe have been destroyed, more especially broccoli, and cabbages in an advanced state: the former is dearer in Covent Garden market than it has been since 1820. The injury, however, to herbaceous vegetables in general, though it has been more than if the ground had been covered with snow, is yet less than if it had been preceded and followed by heavy rains. Such clear frosty weather as we have had for the last week of January is the most favourable for the forcing departments of any that occurs at this season. Every thing there can be supplied by art, but light. Many persons comfort themselves that such severe frost will destroy vermin and the eggs of insects; but this, as we have stated in former

reports, is a great mistake: vermin instinctively shelter themselves according to their various natures and habitations; and the eggs of insects, and the seeds of weeds, are formed by nature for withstanding the rigours of the climate in which they are indigenous.

About the middle of this month the sap will be obviously in motion in gooseberries, peaches, and other garden trees and shrubs, and the space from that time to the end of the following October may be said to be one continued scene of interest for the lover of plants and gardening. First he is greeted with the snow-drop, the violet, crocus, cornel-tree, &c.; and then follow in succession, the foliation and flowering of a countless variety of natives and exotics, until they end in the splendid bloom of the Chinese chrysanthemum, of which we have now, thanks to the Horticultural Society, upwards of forty varieties.

The operations for this month are of funda-

mental importance. In the open garden, furrows of peas and beans are put in the ground; and in the last week, in favourable situations, a full crop of onions may be sown; salading may be sown at different periods, in warm borders; and in the last fortnight, early Dutch turnip and horn carrot. Where forcing has not been commenced before, this is now a proper time; and the temperature of the hot-house may be gradually but considerably increased, taking care to combine moisture with heat. In this last particular, the art of forcing admits of great improvement; and we would earnestly recommend to our horticultural readers, the perusal of a most original paper, "On the relations of heat, moisture, and evaporation, in natural and artificial atmospheres, by Thomas Tredgold, Esq.," printed in the last number of the Gardener's Magazine. It is one of the most valuable essays that has for a long time appeared on the subject of climate in hot-houses.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR.—The meaning of the word *aroint*, as used by Shakespeare, does not appear at all doubtful; but of its etymology little is known. The Rev. Archdeacon Nares, in his very excellent Glossary, gives this explanation:—“*AROINT*, or *AROYNT* *THEE*. A word of aversion, to a witch or infernal spirit; of which the etymology is uncertain; though some critics subjoin *Dii averruncant*, the Gods forefend! as if they thought it might probably be deduced from thence. It occurs only twice in Shakespeare, and in an old print in Hearne's collections, cited by Johnson, where it is written *arongi*, but in no other author yet discovered. . . . Mr. Pope seems to have thought that it might be of the same original with *avaunt*.”

I take the liberty of suggesting the Italian word *arrancare*, as the probable source whence *aroint* has been derived. *Arrancare*, in the edition of Florio's Dictionary, published in 1688, is explained thus:—“To go, to trudge, to send away in haste, as cripples and lame men do, being pursued.” . . .

Menage, in his “*Origini della Lingua Italiana*,” tells us that “*arrancare*” is derived from “*anca*,” the haunch or hip, the seat of sciatica, a very common cause of pain and lameness in old persons. *Anca* likewise means the ancle. Redi, in the notes to his dithyrambic poem *Bacco in Toscana*, agrees with *Menage* in this derivation of *arrancare*; and further informs us, that in the Provencal grammar, *ranqueiar* is rendered *claudicare*, and that the word *ranco* is used to signify lame; and he quotes the following passage from an old book on the treatment of diseases:—“Quando son ranchi, e storpiati per lungo tempo non ae rimedio.”

It is not improbable, that the word *aroint* may have reached us from the Provencal dialect; but the word *arrancare*, as applied to cripples and lame persons, bears, particularly in the imperative mood, *arranca*, so much resemblance both in sound and sense to the word *aroint*, as applied to witches, who are notoriously lame, halt, sciatic old women, that I can hardly doubt the correctness of the etymology. *Διαστροφως.*

Brook Street, Grosvenor Square,
Feb. 6, 1826.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 3.—The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each, to the two best proficients in mathematics and natural philosophy among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Friday last adjudged to Mr. William Law, of Trinity College, and Mr. W. H. Hanson, of Clare Hall, the first and fourth wranglers.

Sir Wm. Browne's gold medals.—The subjects for the present year are—for the

GREEK ODE *Delphi.*

LATIN ODE *Iris*

Pluvius describitur Arcus.—Hor.

GREEK EPIGRAM *Ἐκείν, ἀκούειν γὰρ θυμῷ.*

LATIN EPIGRAM *Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia lingua.*

OXFORD, Feb. 4.—Yesterday the following degree was conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.

Rev. R. M. Miller, Wadham College.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

OUR first glance at the British Gallery was on a very gloomy day, and though even then our

opinion of it was very favourable, another view, with better light, has heightened the character of our National School of Art in our estimation, and we return with increased interest to most of the pictures we so cursorily mentioned in our last Gazette.

No. 63. *The Deluge*. John Martin.—It is impossible to view this picture a second, a third time, or, it may be, any number of times, without feeling the powerful excitement which the subject and the skill of the artist has produced upon the imagination, as well as upon the sight. Our first impression was, that the tone of colour was too monotonous; but this might arise from the absence of that brilliant and highly contrasted effect common to all or most of Mr. Martin's former pictures: we are now satisfied that the tone is in perfect harmony with the subject, and that the darkness visible is such as might be felt. The power of representing multitudes near and distant has never been better displayed, even by Mr. Martin; and the detail of the remote groups shew the work of destruction equally with those on the foreground.

116. *Deep Study*. G. S. Newton.—It is not difficult to see that the artist is in jest in giving this title to his subject. We have seen the “*Philosopher in Deep Study*,” after Rembrandt; but so fair, so young, so beautiful an example of a female student—no, Mr. Newton, it will not do:—but we have farther to remark, that this is your second, if not your third, repeated version of a female with half-closed eyes; and though a thrice-repeated character may be skillfully varied (as in the present instance), yet it is as well to keep in mind what is said of “a thrice-told tale.” The picture, however, presents one of the most lovely objects of contemplation that can well be imagined; and in it the artist has reached the climax of beautiful and harmonious colouring.

113. *Interior of a Highland Cottage*. E. Landseer.—Artists are often at a loss how to name their pictures; and on reading the title, it might have been imagined that pots and pans, and ragged inmates, made up the details of the painter's fancy. A solitary female, of marked and dignified character, fills up the principal space in the picture; and the features and expression at once rivet the attention to a countenance that may serve as a model for the author of Waverley, in similar characters to those of Elspeth Mucklebackit, Meg Merrilies, or any of the like class. The execution is firm and vigorous; and the whole is painted with an effect that would do credit to the best artists of the Flemish school.

117. *Pharaoh's Submission*. B. R. Haydon.—This performance not only places Mr. Haydon in the rank of art in which he best succeeds, but is one of the best specimens of his talents we have for some time seen. We are not entirely satisfied with the figure of Moses, nor with that of Pharaoh. The dignity of the lawgiver is more owing to the breadth of drapery thrown over him than to the character of the man. The centre group, however,—a powerful appeal to the feeling and to the imagination, and causes the extent of the calamity to be impressed upon the mind—is beautifully executed, accompanied by a background of extraordinary grandeur and simplicity.

112. *Dutch Carnival Singers, with the Rumbling Pot*. P. C. Wonder.—This specimen of Flemish manners or sports presents rather a novel character in the Gallery; and though well placed with regard to being seen, it is not quite advantageously situated with regard to its effect, in consequence of the powerful contrasts beside it. It is, however, highly la-

boured, we might almost say, laboured to excess. There are two more pictures by the same artist, No. 3, an interior, and No. 38, a *Dutch Yard*, which display a patience and skill in the detail of brick-pointing and brick flooring which is extremely curious. There is also a higher merit, a truth of nature, in the light and shade of sunshine, well expressed; and when time shall have spread his varnish over these performances, they cannot fail of being much improved.

—*A Head*. Mrs. W. Carpenter.—Under this simple title, a portrait will be found possessing some of the highest qualities of art, in point of colouring, execution, character, and effect. It is, we have heard, the likeness of Mrs. Collins, the mother of one of our most eminent painters; and thus possesses a double value—that of representing an interesting individual, and that of being in itself an admirable production.

72. *Italian Boy*. R. Edmonstone.—The artist could hardly have hit upon a more popularly known subject; and had the execution been less brilliant, and the character less faithful, than it is, still it would have secured attention. As it is, it may be regarded as a feature of powerful variety in the British School of Art. The head of the boy resembles one of Piazzotti's, boldly contrasted with the plaster cast of the little figure which (with its companion) has found its way into the house of almost every artist, as well as every amateur of taste. The only objection which we have to make against this very clever picture is, that the leg of the plaster cast is not sufficiently reflected; the shadow is evidently too black.

183. *Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man*. W. F. Witherington.—This simple and touching story has never been so well told on canvas or pannel as in the present example. Its treatment (though the subject is applicable to every clime and country) is purely English; and its style of execution beautifully adapted to its cabinet size; nor is the scenery with which it is connected less appropriate and picturesque.

182. *The Dog and the Shadow*. E. Landseer.—The concentrated character of action and expression, in the well-known fable thus graphically told, cannot be exceeded; the certainty of the result must have been anticipated, without any previous knowledge of the moral. In colour and finish this picture stands very high.

A View of the Lake of Killarney, taken from Lord Kenmare's Demesne. By Major C. R. O'Donnell, 15th Hussars.

IN a panoramic view, between forty and fifty inches in length, and about six inches in height, Major O'Donnell has produced a capital representation of the various exquisite scenery for which the lake of Killarney is so justly celebrated. The lithographic art is well applied to subjects of this kind; and we have been much pleased with the present example of it, as well as by the novelty of its form and manner, and a degree of taste and skill which do much honour to an artist, whom, from his professional title, we presume to be an amateur.

Typographical Specimen, to the Memory of William Caxton, Wynken de Worde, Richard Pynson, and their Successors.

OF this production it is impossible to convey any idea by description. On the face of a sheet of paper, such as is used for engravings, there is a composition of borders, devices, emblems, letters, &c., of every imaginable kind known to the typographic art. These are formed by upwards of 60,000 movable pieces of metal, and comprehend above 150 different patterns of flowers, besides busts, masques, caryatides, urns, &c.

all combined together in a pleasing and picturesque form. We know not to what uses such a piece of ingenuity can be applied; but it certainly displays great talent, and laborious pains-taking in Mr. J. Johnson, by whom it is invented and executed, and is a curiosity in the way of printing.

Exhibition Extraordinary in the Horticultural Room. Etched by G. Cruikshank.

THIS belongs to a class of art with which we seldom (as it is dangerous) venture to meddle; it is a caricature, but a good-humoured and clever one. The Horticultural Society is as useful an institution as any in the kingdom; and its affairs are too diligently and ably administered to need to stand in fear of a joke. No doubt its principal members have had a hearty laugh at their dull delineations in this print, where a tall guardsman is a "scarlet runner;" the king's bust, "penny royal;" "a stout character clearing the table of fruit;" "a monstrous meddler in full bearing." &c. &c. Altogether, we have not seen a better caricature for a long while: not since Gilray used to enliven the town with his comic sallies.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON, &c.*

WE will not altogether forfeit our pledge by passing over, in this week's Gazette, Sir C. Long's pamphlet upon improvements, &c., though the length of a more temporary article in this part of our paper places it out of our power to do more than twist a link into the chain. Among the most useful and necessary suggestions, there is not one of such paramount importance as that which refers to opening a more easy and uninterrupted access between the east and west sides of London. Upon this subject the following extract bears:—

"In the year 1766, Mr. John Gwynn, founding himself in some degree upon the plan of Sir C. Wren, published a tract upon the improvement of London and Westminster, to which I wish to refer every person who has ever contemplated this subject. In this tract will be found propositions for carrying into effect almost all the works that have either been executed, or are now under consideration.

"He particularly proposes to carry a street from Piccadilly, through Coventry Street, Sydney's Alley, Leicester Fields, Cranbourn Alley, and so to Long Acre, Queen Street, and Lincoln's Inn Fields; and thus afford an easy access to Holborn; to widen Serle Street, and to continue it through Lincoln's Inn Fields to Holborn; he further recommends, that which seems of the greatest importance—the widening the Strand in its narrow parts; a measure which, together with the formation of the streets before mentioned, would produce one of the most important improvements of which London is susceptible. Surely a grant of parliament to be applied to the purchase of houses with a view to this accommodation, could not meet with opposition in any quarter."

We are particularly desirous of directing attention to this noble design: because it is well known that partial improvements are in progress, or rather under consideration, which if taken each *per se*, are good, and deserve support, but which, if carried into effect, would interpose insurmountable barriers to the much more desirable and effectual plan. Surely, when the wish to improve is so universally cherished,

* Printed for our last Number, but left out in the difficult work of making up our sheet for publication; and as we are still pressed for room, we shall not add to it, but reserve other points embraced by this able pamphlet for future remark.—E.D.

it would be advisable to direct it to a whole, and not to parts. Many of our best projects are defeated and rendered nugatory by this want of consistency; and this is the cause why we so often see an anomaly rise up where we looked for an improvement.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETICAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

No. I. — *A Modern Quadrille.*

"Concordia discors."—OVID.

THIN dandies in tights, weighing each one an ounce;

Young ladies befriend'd, flounce upon flounce;
Fond mothers extolling their daughters so dear,
To some good-natured youth of nine hundred a-year;

A party at whist, looking grim as a cannibal,
Each at their foe, like the Romans at Hannibal;
Some prints on the table, distressingly maul'd,
And "exquisite, lovely, bewitching!" miscall'd;
Three footmen in lace, and three others without,
All brilliant as candlesticks, stalking about;
An Austrian Hussar, a Sir Patrick O'Stoke,
Of the Poyais Light-horse (but of course that's a hoax);

A crowd on the stairs, with a wind like a knife,
Coming sharp round the legs of maid, husband, or wife;

A pensive young lady, rich, fickle, but cross,
With a pensive young Irishman near her, of course;

One preacher, two poets, and three poetesses;
A critic, fantastic and tawdry whose dress is;
All these, with their talents, loquacious or still,
Make up, gentle lady, a modern Quadrille!

No. II. — *Stanzas from the Serpentine, being a new Song to an old Tune.**

"Raras equidem sed fortasse parvitas, delicis hinc profert."—TACITUS.

RUN, neighbours, run, all town is in Hyde Park to-day,

Carriage, cart, and donkey-chaise—a raree show:

Hunt's four-in-hand is on the ice, and, hark away!

Shouts from half a hundred sprawlers—down they go!

There's Mrs. Smith from Wapping Stairs, Miss Higgs from Norton Folgate,

Sir Peter Paunch, old Mister Hobbs and Master Hobbs from Aldgate;

With Thomas Potts, the oilman, smelling vastly strong of turpentine,

All standing fast like pillars (or like posts) beside the Serpentine.

Run, neighbours, run, &c. &c.

See mid yon crowd, where hundreds are quadrilling it,

How miss, slipping slyly from mamma upon the land,

With her sweetheart on the ice is cooing it and billing it,

Fire in her virgin heart, and chilblains on her hand.

Vainly, from shore, mamma cries out, with forehead bold

And frowning eye, "My dear, as sure as death, you'll catch a horrid cold!"

Nought care our cooing ones, till, spite of wind and weather, sir,

Ice cracks, and in they go, to cool their loves together, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, &c. &c.

* Though the ice has broken up and gone since this song was printed, we will not suppose that it is yet out of season: if it should be, we add Valentines, which are in.

Far to the left, your exquisites are shewing off,
While novices more timidly along the centre glide;

Mr. Tims, poor soul, is down, and now, I vow, is blowing off

The snow that sticks—Lord bless us! he has bruised his side:

There, too, goes Lawyer Thompson, stiff as any poker, sir,

With Doctor Dobbs from Cripplegate, a most exceeding joker, sir;

Fat fiery Mrs. Higgins, she too ventures like a dragon next,—

If that's the case, I'll safely drive across my broad-wheel'd waggon next.

Run, neighbours, run, &c. &c.

Hark! how Hyde Park, with the hum of human jollity,

Rings like Guildhall upon my Lord Mayor's day;

Mirth is abroad, (I vouch not for the quality)
Phrenologists shine forth in their wittiest array;

Sims, for instance, cracks his joke on Tims, who cracks his cranium;

It gets a bump at every fall, like buds on a geranium;

Which proves, by phrenologic laws, that Tims, (but sure you know it, sir,)

Though he tumbles down a proser, may jump up again a poet, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, &c. &c.

Run, neighbours, run,—sure such a sight was never seen,—

Dandies from Bond Street, and statesmen from Whitehall;

He, she, and episcene, your ever-green and never-green,

Exhibit, in succession, their "decline and fall."

Thus 'tis with the world, we glide along our summer-time,

On life's slippery surface, regardless of a summer time;

Till, spite of scientific skill, and all our bold endeavour, sir,

Death yawns, and down we go beneath the sod for ever, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, &c. &c.

Cupid to Sophy, on Valentine's Day.

ONCE I tuned my sweetest lyre,
To sing of Psyche's charms;

My mother burnt with jealous fire,
And snatch'd her from my arms.

Vain rage! the charms of Psyche's mind
Were objects of my love;

And these survived, from earth refined,
Immortalised by Jove.

What Psyche was, is Sophy now,
Blooming with youth and grace;

While goodness sparkles on her brow,
And sense illumines her face.

And these shall last, when form and face decay,
And Valentine himself has ceased to claim his day.

With a Blotting-paper Case.

If your ink too quickly run,
To absorb the sable stain—

If a heart too soon is won,
Can you take it back again?

Like the ink, it will have lost
The lustre which you value most.

Then when you give your heart away,
Since you can resume it never,

Your friendly Valentine obey—
Love once, love well, and love for ever.

To an Octogenary, on Valentine's Day.

LET others choose the bloom of youth—
I choose the charms of long-tried truth;
Let others sweet fifteen adore—
My hopes are centred in fourscore;
And locks of raven, brown, or gold,
To me not half such charms unfold,
As those which time has silver'd o'er—
The "almond blossoms" of fourscore.
Then take my love, and give me thine,
Dear, venerable Valentine!

SKETCHES.

The Choice of Flora; from the German of Herder.

As Jupiter was pondering in imagination, and passing before his mind's eye, in contemplative review, the creation which he was about to call into being, he beckoned to the blooming Flora, whose beauty shone pre-eminent amongst the goddesses. How shall I describe her charms, or how portray her graceful attractions! The most beautiful of all that the earth contained in its yet virgin womb was united in her form, her shape, her colours, and her raiment.

All the gods gazed upon her with amazement, and all the goddesses were envious of her beauty. "Choose for thyself a lover," said Jupiter, "from the assembled company of gods and genii; but beware, vain child, that thine election be such as thou wilt have no cause to repent."

Wanton as light, and giddy with the glory of her new-created charms, Flora glanced thoughtlessly around—and oh! that her choice had fallen upon the godlike Phœbus, whose soul burnt with the desire of possessing her; but his beauty was of too high, too noble a cast to fix the heart of so volatile a maiden. She cast a hasty look around her, and chose—ah, who could have thought it!—one of the least in the rank of gods, the sportive Zephyr. "Thoughtless one!" exclaimed the father of the gods, "that thy species, even in its celestial original, should prefer each amorous joy, each gaily striking charm, to a higher and more placid love. Had thine happier choice fallen upon Phœbus (pointing at the same time to the beaming god) thou and thy race with him might have shared the blessings of immortality. But now," continued he, "enjoy thine own elect." Zephyr embraced his delicate spouse, and she vanished—she vanished as the dust of a flower into the realms of the god of air.

When Jupiter had called his ideal creation into being and reality, and the bosom of the earth was prepared to give life to the dormant germs that were contained in its womb, he called to Zephyr, who was slumbering over the ashes of his beloved—"Up, stripling—up—bring hither thy beloved, and behold her earthly form and destiny." Zephyr came with the collected dust—all that remained of his tender spouse; the pollen dispersed itself over the wide expanse of the earth; Phœbus, from the love he had borne to the goddess, gave animation to her delicate remains; the Naiads of the brooks and springs, out of sisterly affection, watered them with their streams; Zephyr embraced them; and Flora once more shot forth in a thousand variegated germinating blossoms.

How each new-created bloom rejoiced as it found out its heavenly lover, and gave itself up to the fondling kisses—the soft, the gently waving arms of the playful Zephyr. Short-lived joys! No sooner had the children of Beauty opened their bosoms, and prepared the

nuptial bed with all the charms of delightful odours and variegated colours, than the satiated Zephyr left them to revel on the charms of other beauties; and Phœbus, compassionating their too easily deceived love, darted on them his radiant beams, and put an early period to their grief.

Each spring, ye fair ones, brings with it a repetition of the same story; you bloom like Flora: be warned, then, by her, and choose a more suitable lover than Zephyr.

S. H. H.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mozart's celebrated Concerto, newly arranged for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments of Violin, Flute, and Violoncello. By J. B. Cramer. London. Cramer and Co.

WHETHER the dulness which has pervaded the commercial world has also infected the musical part of it, we do not pretend to say; but certain it is, that hardly any works at all entitled to particular notice have recently appeared, nor hitherto shewn any disposition to relieve this dearth, either actually or in promise. As to the newest state of music in other countries, it is such, that we may turn our eyes to them for consolation as suffering a like famine, rather than for help. The great theatres of Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, (excepting only Paris,*) have neither acted nor announced, as we perceive from the latest foreign musical gazettes, any new opera that can pretend to rank with the *Crociato* of Meyerbeer, or the *Borbiase* and the *Othello* of Rossini; they seem to have been content with revivals from the old school of Dittersdorf, Cimarosa, Gluck, and Weigl; or with the minor new productions of Auber, Gylowetz, &c. In these dreary aspects we were delighted to meet with a publication such as the above *Concerto* of Mozart. All that we said on a former occasion, in the way of praise of Mr. Cramer's arrangement of Mozart's first *Concerto* in F, applies equally, if not more so, to this second in B flat. He, who has composed himself eight piano-forte concertos, nearly all favourites even to this day, is, indeed, one of the likeliest persons to do justice to such an undertaking. This concerto also belongs to Mozart's earliest, and consequently easiest style. All the melodious part, with which the piece abounds, Mr. Cramer has carefully preserved, and improved it, besides, by a judicious introduction of some more modern figures than were in use at Mozart's time.†

Rondo Brilliant, for the Piano-Forte. By J. B. Cramer, Op. 72. Cramer and Co. This work, consisting of an Introduction, a Cantabile, and of an Allegro con Brio, is rather more difficult, but not less pleasing than the generality of this composer's works.

THE sixth and last book of Mr. Watts's arrangement for two performers on the piano-forte, of Meyerbeer's *Crociato*, has just been published by Birchall and Co., and is executed with the same ability as the preceding five books. It contains three pieces, among which is the chorus *Patri Amata*.

* Where Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche* has been performed with brilliant success.

† The same publishers have commenced a new edition of Mr. Cramer's entire works, which, being revised and corrected by the author, is greatly superior to the former editions. In proof of this, we need only mention the new edition of his *Grand Concerto* in C minor.

DRAMA.

No novelty of any interest at any of the Theatres.

Morlachi's Opera of Teobaldo and Isolina is announced for Tuesday. Bonini, Veluti, and Curioni, take the lead. The latter has the part for which Crivelli was celebrated in Italy; some of the music has appeared to us very beautiful.

VARIETIES.

COUNT Nicholas Romanzoff, the great patron and encourager of science and literature in Russia, died recently in that country. Most of the expeditions and voyages of discovery which have been undertaken by the Russian government originated with him. He was a man of distinguished talent; and his loss will not soon be repaired.

Menai Chain Bridge.—This stupendous work, worthy of the most powerful period of Roman history, is now completed; and the communication between the main land and the Isle of Anglesea effected by one of the most striking bridges in the world. The buttresses are 152 feet high, the span above 500 feet, and the suspended road more than 100 from the surface of the water.

American Expedition.—Captain Beechey is now in the Pacific, with the vessels under his command. His objects are, surveys of coasts little known, and ultimately to make Behring's Straits, and look out for Captain Franklin, &c.

Conversazione.—Among entertainments (if they should be so called) of this kind, connected with the cultivation of the Fine Arts, those of Mr. Sass have for several seasons been conspicuous. His introduction of the celebrated professors of gymnastics; and instituting a comparison between the living figure in various postures and ancient statues, was an attractive and instructive feature in them. We observe from cards on our table, that during March, April, and May, Mr. S. invites his friends, and the lovers of literature and the arts, to similar evenings.

Longevity.—Pierre Huet, the oldest soldier in the French service, died lately, at the Hotel des Invalides. He had reached the extraordinary period of 119 years; and since the inauguration of the statue of Louis XIV., enjoyed a pension of 300 francs per annum from the city of Paris.

Mr. Hogan.—We observe from the last number of "Ackermann's Repository," that the subscription at Hammersley's, on behalf of this young Irish sculptor, proceeds gradually; the whole amount, up to January the 16th, being £127 2s. We are not altogether reconciled to plans for supporting genius by funds publicly raised upon benevolent feelings; but this case, having been begun, will, we trust, be carried to a prosperous issue.

French Academy of Sciences.—At the sitting of the 7th of January last, M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire presented a human monster which has just been discovered in a collection of animal mummies, forming part of a magnificent cabinet of antiquities recently imported from Egypt by that able artist and learned antiquary, M. Passalacqua. This monster belongs to the class known by the name of anencephalous, characterised by the complete privation of the brain and spinal marrow; and is exceedingly interesting, first as contradicting the doctrine of the Cartesian philosophy, that thought is generated in the brain; and, secondly, as opposed to the more recent theory of the origin of the nerves in the cerebral or vertebral pulp.

M. Freycinet was elected a member of the Geographical Board.

A report was made from a committee which had been appointed to inquire whether the oil extracted from the red cornel-tree could (as proposed by M. Lechaussée) be advantageously substituted for that usually burnt in lamps. The report stated, first, that the oil in question was not fit for forming part of human food; secondly, that it burnt easily, and without smoke or smell. It remains to be ascertained whether it can be procured at an expense so moderate as to render it beneficial.

M. Dureau de la Malle presented a model of the property-tables of the ancient Romans, during the long period which elapsed from Servius Tullius to Justinian. This model, which comprehends all the details of the ancient authors, is divided into three parts, which are arranged in great order, and which relate in various ways to the condition of the father of every family, to that of the family itself, and to the value of its property. M. de la Malle also presented a table of great interest, shewing the probabilities of human life at different ages among the Romans. The following is a copy of it:—

Table of the Probabilities of Human Life, calculated by Domitius Ulpianus, Prime Minister to Alexander Severus, and extracted from Emilius Macer.

Age.	Probable future life.
From 0 to 20 years 30 years.
20 — 25 28 —
25 — 30 25 —
30 — 35 22 —
35 — 40 20 —
40 — 45 18 —
45 — 50 13 —
50 — 55 9 —
55 — 60 7 —
60 — 65 6 —

M. de la Malle says, that this table was formed from the property-tables, the registers of birth, puberty, manhood, death, age, sex, diseases, &c. which were kept by the Romans with the greatest exactness, from the time of Servius Tullius to that of Justinian. Ulpianus fixes thirty years as the mean duration of human life during that period. It is extraordinary that the chances of life detailed in the above table are precisely those which the registers of mortality in the city of Florence exhibit in the present day.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Dwarf of Waterbourg, from the German, is nearly ready for publication.

We understand that Mr. John H. Brady, author of "Varieties of Literature," has made great progress in a work on "The Derivation of the Names of the Principal Market Towns and Remarkable Villages in every County in England; with Notices of Local Antiquities, Historical and Topographical Anecdotes."

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Major Denham's African Travels are now expected to be among our early publications.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	From 46. to 51.	29.72 to 29.76
Friday	45. — 51.	29.65 stationary
Saturday	37. — 49.	29.80 stationary
Sunday	38. — 40.	29.78 — 29.70
Monday	44. — 54.	29.48 — 29.46
Tuesday	51. — 57.	29.84 — 30.16
Wednesday	26. — 45.	30.20 stationary

Wind S. and S.W.—Generally cloudy, with frequent rain till the evening of the 6th; since, generally clear; a sharp frost on the morning of the 9th, and a dense fog from 9 to 11 of the same morning.

Rain fallen, 45 of an inch.

Edinburgh. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot by any possible exertion prevent our extensive correspondence from often falling into arrear; and we beg such of our friends as we may appear to have neglected, to ascribe it to the true cause, and forgive us.

Many favours are intended for publication, as opportunity may admit.

ERRATA.—In "The Celestial Phenomena for February," in our last Number, page 75, col. 1, line 29, instead of *passing*, read *past*—col. 2, line 3, instead of *1st May*, read *1st day*—line 19, instead of *10'*, read *10°*. Paragraph in col. 2, commencing "Appearance of the southern," &c. to be erased, referring to a diagram, which our limits would not permit us to insert.

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